The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME VI | New York, Saturday, February 5, 1916 | Number 66

Contents

Editorial Notes 1
Leading Editorials
Brandeis 4
The School Situation in New York 6
Devil's Advocates 8
General Articles
Japanese Intentions ..... Gerald Morgan 10
Synthetic Poetry ..... T. 11
Ballet According to Bakst 13
The World's Worst Failure: (III) The Woman in Industry ..... Rebecca West 14
Unregenerate Democracy ..... Herbert Croly 17
Correspondence 19
Books and Things ..... Francis Hackett 22
Reviews of Books
The Rupert Brooke Legend ..... F. H. 23
Nibbling at Realism ..... Harold Stearns 24
The Education of Black Folk ..... W. E. B. Du Bois 25
The Evil Men Do 26

WHETHER or not President Wilson actually loves a fight, as he declared in his recent New York speech, he is certainly enough of a Scotch Irishman to be a formidable fighter. Not long ago the car of Mr. Wilson's administration began to look as if it were skidding. He was being pressed hard from every quarter by difficult questions of policy with which he seemed unable to cope. The relations of the United States to Germany, Great Britain and Mexico had all developed into ugly running sores which he shrank from cutting out and was unable to heal. A vast deal of criticism of his foreign policy which had been suppressed and hesitant was becoming increasingly articulate and assured. His control of the political situation in the United States was very much relaxed. A minority of his party in Congress had repudiated his leadership in relation to an all-important matter of contemporary public policy. The success of his preparedness program seemed hopelessly compromised. Radicals had been discouraged because he did not propose to pay for preparedness by taxes on wealth, and because he did not sufficiently safeguard it against perversion by an extension of the government manufacture of war supplies. The more conservative people usually regarded him as weak in purpose and maladroit in his handling of foreign policy. His prestige was still high among the Americans of the interior who wanted above all to keep out of this war, but it was waning. His enemies were becoming noisier and more confident. It looked then as if they really had started him on a slide down hill towards an abyss from which he would never emerge as an influential political leader. But it looks much less like this to-day. By a series of rapid and brilliant moves he has checked his enemies, reassured his friends, disarmed many of his critics, and resumed control of the situation. It is a wonderful example of that opportunity for aggressive leadership which the Presidency of the United States places in the hands of the bold political strategist and the effective platform speaker.

THE President can certainly look back upon his recent exploits with utmost complacency. The shooting has been good and he has slain many a fat bird without any extravagant expenditure of ammunition. For the first time since he assumed the responsibility for military preparedness he has succeeded in converting it into a political asset rather than a liability. He has uttered a stirring appeal to the patriotism of his fellow countrymen; he has made them feel that the safety and perpetuity of the country were really compromised by unpreparedness; and just in proportion as he aroused this patriotic feeling he has increased his personal prestige as the incarnation of the national impulse. By so doing he has strengthened his own hand in his negotiations with the German government. He has much impaired the title which Mr. Roosevelt was claiming as the only undefiled and complete exemplar of the newer nationalism. He has made it increasingly difficult for ordinary pacifist Democrats and militarist Republicans to oppose him. Best of all he has put in a courageous bid for radical support. Three years ago he yielded to the opposition within his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own party aroused by the proposed appointment of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis as a member of his Cabinet. To-day he deliberately incurs the same opposition by naming Mr. Brandeis as Justice of the Supreme Court. Nothing could indicate more unmistakably that he is seeking to win back the leadership which he compromised by his resolution to keep the Democracy together at any cost and to govern by means of a partisan majority. Instead of allowing the issues and controversies to be defined for him by his opponents or by the pinch of circumstances, he has forged ahead of his difficulties and is setting a killing pace for his enemies. Such a reversal of form is utterly unexpected, and introduces a new and still more incalculable force into a political situation already composed to an unprecedented extent of insurgent, obscure and disconcerting elements.

SOME of Mr. Wilson's former friends damn his aggressive tactics as the evidence of a fearful and final corruption. The wretched man is playing politics. Well! There are situations in which a President should play politics, and there are situations in which he shouldn't. At the present moment Mr. Wilson has the same reason for playing politics that a general commanding an army has to prepare for an attack with an artillery bombardment. Let us all rejoice that the President is finally playing not politics but good politics—good both for himself and for the country. There is much about Mr. Wilson's definition of preparedness with which THE NEW REPUBLIC does not agree; but for the moment disagreements over details may be overlooked. By his present course the President is doing something more than disconcert his enemies and scatter some of the obstacles to the success of the administration's plans for necessary armament. For the first time during his term he is preparing the mind of the nation to meet its inevitable future responsibilities. His influence on public opinion is becoming educative. He is asking his fellow countrymen not to trust to fine words, but to levy on words the cost of action and submit them to the discipline of facts. If the President holds to his present militant course he may become what he has hitherto failed to be—a forerunner, a leavening intellectual and moral ferment, a leader and moulder of progressive opinion. In the past he has sought to confine American progressivism within the narrow limits of traditional Democratic formulas. He has thrown a wet blanket on all social and political aspirations and programs with which the majority of his party would not agree, and the discussion of which would injure party unity. The war and the personal responsibility fastened on him by its terrible radicalism have finally blasted him out of his partisan complacency and his conservative immobility. They have transformed him at least for the moment into an agitator; and an agitator is what we need. A President who is not agitating on behalf of a keener popular realization of the need of preparing for our critical contemporary problems, internal and external, is failing in his best opportunity of serving his fellow citizens.

DEFENDERS of the export of munitions have themselves to blame for the rolling up of unnumbered names on embargo petitions. For the most part they have based their defense on the narrow legal ground of formal neutrality. This is, of course, the only proper official ground, and serves a useful purpose in diplomacy. Insistence upon the traditional legal rule is necessary to protect us against reprisals in the present emergency and claims for damages after the cessation of hostilities. It is entirely ineffective as an appeal to popular sympathies. If we were absolutely neutral, caring not a whit whether France is subjugated and England destroyed, the policy of arming one party against the other would be sentimentally untenable. We should be engaged in making money out of the killing of men against whom we had no grievance. On the assumption of complete emotional neutrality the embargo petitioners are in the right, but the assumption is inadmissible. We do not want the Central Powers to win a smashing victory. If our resources are required to redress the balance that runs against the Allies in consequence of their inferior preparedness, we are justified in putting our resources to such use. That some of our citizens make great profits out of this situation is merely an unfortunate incident. Some of our citizens would make great profits out of armaments if we were engaged in war on our own account. This would throw light upon the defects of our economic and social organization, but it would have no bearing whatever upon whether our cause was just or unjust.

CERTAIN Massachusetts manufacturers, taking advantage of the prevailing atmosphere of political reaction, are making a brave effort to induce Governor McCall to secure the repeal of the Minimum Wage law. A campaign to discredit the personnel of the Minimum Wage Commission is under way, and woeful cries of ruin and disaster, purporting to emanate from industries in which minimum wage awards are in force, are being noisily rehearsed. Fortunately statistics recently published by the commission are available, embodying an investigation of the only industry in which an award has been in force for a sufficient period to render general conclusions possible. They indicate an unusually healthy condition, with increased business,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a higher average of wages, and a complete absence of the alleged tendency of the minimum wage to become the maximum. Of the attacks on the personnel of the commission the only one that seems to be well founded is the charge, seriously made by the manufacturers' attorney, that its members are all in complete sympathy with the purpose of the law. On the other hand, the commission has only recently achieved a triumph in securing the adoption of a minimum wage in almost all the large retail and department stores of Boston. The Republican party, returned to power last November after five Democratic years, is still on trial in Massachusetts. If Governor McCall and the Republican legislature use their newly gained power to undo the results attained and to hamper the work of the Minimum Wage Commission in the future, it will be taken as proof that the party has not succeeded in casting off the sinister alliance with the forces of reaction which led to its five years' exile.

SENATORIAL discussion of Philippine independence rarely dwells on the real motive which inspires the Senators. It is not an abstract anti-imperialism nor a theoretical belief in independence which accounts for the attempt to get out of the Philippines with all possible speed. It is the fact that American strategists agree that in a war between Japan and the United States the Philippines could not be defended with any navy that we have or are likely to have. Knowing that we shall never build a fleet large enough to blanket Japan in Far Eastern waters, the Democratic Senators are for abandoning a responsibility which we shall not meet. As an example of American statesmanship which attempts to relate armaments and foreign policy to each other the Philippine move is hopeful.

GRANTING the purpose of Congress with regard to the Philippines, the difficulties are still very great. Under the Clarke amendment, for example, the United States would give up almost immediately all internal control of the islands, while it retained for about ten years all external responsibility. We could not govern the Philippines, but we should have to defend them. This is hardly the way to lessen American liabilities. Yet we are far from wishing to suggest an offhand solution. The Senate has a really constructive task before it. It is easier to say, "Let us get out" than to discover how to get out. If we give the Filipinos "independence" by guaranteeing it to them, we can hardly be said to have "got out." We should still be in up to our ears. If we succeeded in arranging a joint neutralization with Japan and England the prime question would be, who is to intervene in the islands if disorder breaks out? Neutralization would mean nothing at all if every Power could intervene to "protect" its nationals. The whole success of neutralization would depend upon the efficiency of the Philippine government. If it were honest, progressive and strong, a joint neutralization might work, but no one who looks at the facts expects such a government from the Filipinos. Doesn't it follow that the Powers which neutralize the Philippines must supervise its government? Doesn't the logic of the situation point to something akin to a joint protectorate as a basis of neutralization, and a large measure of local autonomy?

AN article on Japan by Mr. Gerald Morgan published in this issue has the value of a candid and vivid personal impression left on the mind of a man who has seen much of Japan and the Japanese. It may well be true, as Mr. Morgan asserts, that the aggressive party in Japan is looking forward to the extinction of the political influence of Europe and America in the Far East; but if so the problem created by any such design is more a matter of world politics than of American. The United States does not covet political influence in the Far East. It is seeking only for a certain share in Far Eastern trade. If it should be found that any increasing political influence exerted by Japan was used to interfere with the trade of European and American competitors, the resulting problem would be dealt with not by the United States alone, but by the United States acting as one member of a comprehensive international group.

ONE reason why the protagonists of bigger armaments have lost faith in the voluntary system is that it is extremely difficult to keep even our present meagre army and navy up to their full complement. Our recruiting methods are energetic and alluring, yet men fail to enlist. We could expand our regular army to 200,000 men by law, but where would the men come from? One possibility never is permitted consideration: raise the pay. If we can't get steel for our ships for twenty-five dollars, we offer thirty or thirty-five or whatever we must. If we can't get enough ordinary seamen to enlist at sixteen dollars a month we go short-handed. We accept the principle of paying for property for military use whatever is necessary to compete with industrial employments, but reject the principle of paying for labor at rates to compete with industry. Property is not expected to serve us except for adequate pay; labor is expected to serve us partly for pay and partly out of patriotism. Put labor on the same basis as property, and we shall not have serious trouble in recruiting. The financial burden will be greater, to be sure. That is the real difficulty with the voluntary system in time of peace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILITARY men are proverbially bad politicians. Our officers have always endeavored to win popular support to projects for strengthening the army, only to fail and sink back into disgruntled forebodings. The military habit of mind appears to be incompatible with the technique of successful persuasion. Just now some of our ablest army men are engaged in compromising an excellent purpose with faulty popular methods. They tell us that we are in imminent danger of invasion; that a hostile army could easily be landed on the Atlantic coast between Boston and Washington, seize our great seaports, cut our industry to pieces, and force us to humiliating terms of national surrender. Perhaps they are right; but the average American believes that they are ludicrously wrong, and therefore is prepared to discount all their opinions, however well based some of them may be. They tell us that there is no chance of securing a sufficient defensive force by voluntary enlistment; we must have some form of universal military training. Perhaps again they are right, but the average American is not prepared to give serious consideration to the plan. The public is favorably disposed toward a moderate strengthening of the army and navy. It would be the part of wisdom for our military propagandists to agree upon the maximum strengthening which looks possible and concentrate upon securing it.

IT is an extreme statement that the Federal government has been doing nothing to aid our domestic and foreign trade development. In his reply to President Ripley, said to be authority for such a statement, Secretary Redfield offers proof that the government has been doing at least something in this direction. By the coöperation of our commercial attachés we have gained for this country the business of melting Bolivian tin; have equipped two cotton mills in China with American machinery; secured the removal of a preferential tax levied by Spain upon our coal; placed an order for 40,000 bales of cotton annually for five years in Russia; obtained an order by an American firm for $200,000 worth of telegraph material; received contracts for railway material and the building of a capitol in Formosa; for the construction of a pipe line in Rumania, and a telephone system in Bergen, Norway. These are achievements not to be ignored; but they are scarcely of such a character as to indicate that our government is addressing itself seriously to the task of coördinating our economic forces for more effective prosecution of commercial interests at home and abroad. The occasional intervention of an American consul or commercial attaché in securing a contract worth a few thousand dollars is only a measure of larger opportunities missed. What we might expect of our government is some contribution toward securing coöperation among producers for export trade; some progress in disentangling the good of combinations from the evil; some conscious policy for the employment of our banking resources to national ends, and the like. But these are matters for which Congress and not our Department of Commerce is responsible.

Brandeis

ONE public benefit has already accrued from the nomination of Mr. Brandeis. It has started discussion of what the Supreme Court means in American life. From much of the comment since Mr. Brandeis's nomination it would seem that multitudes of Americans seriously believe that the nine Justices embody pure reason, that they are set apart from the concerns of the community, regardless of time, place and circumstances, to become the interpreter of sacred words with meaning fixed forever and ascertainable by a process of ineluctable reasoning. Yet the notion not only runs counter to all we know of human nature; it betrays either ignorance or false knowledge of the actual work of the Supreme Court as disclosed by two hundred and thirty-nine volumes of United States reports. It assumes what is not now and never was the function of the Supreme Court.

The significant matters which come before the Supreme Court are not the ordinary legal questions of the rights of Smith v. Jones. If they were, the choosing of a Supreme Court Justice would be of professional rather than of public interest. In our system of government the Supreme Court is the final authority in the relationship of the individual to the state, of the individual to the United States, of forty-eight states to one another, and of each with the United States. In a word, the Court deals primarily with problems of government, and that is why its personnel is of such nation-wide importance. But though the Court has to decide political questions, it escapes the rough-and-tumble of politics, because it does not exercise power for the affirmative ends of the state. What it does is to define limitations of power. It marks the boundaries between state and national action. It determines the allowable sphere of legislative and executive conduct.

These are delicate and tremendous questions, not to be answered by mechanical magic distilled within the four corners of the Constitution, not to be solved automatically in the Constitution "by taking the words and a dictionary." Except in a few very rigid and very unimportant specific provisions, such as those providing for geographic uniformity or prohibiting the enactment of bills of attainder, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Justices have to bring to the issues some creative power. They have to make great choices which are determined in the end by their breadth of understanding, imagination, sense of personal limitation, and insight into governmental problems. It is a commonplace of constitutional law, insisted upon by students like David Bradley Thayer, a commonplace to be kept vigilantly in mind, that Justices of the Supreme Court must be lawyers, of course, but above all, lawyers who are statesmen.

To generalize about periods and tendencies in the history of the Supreme Court is to omit many details and qualifications, but that the great problems of statesmanship have determined the character of the Court at different periods in our history there can be no doubt. In the first period, barring a negligible opening decade, the Court under Marshall's great leadership dealt with the structure of government. It gave legal expression to the forces of nationality. Marshall also laid down what may be called the great canon of constitutional criticism by insisting that it is a "Constitution that we are construing, a great charter of government with all the implications that dynamic government means." After Marshall the ever-present conflict of state and national power absorbed attention until the Civil War. Then followed a third period in which national power was ascendant, a period of railroad and industrial development, of free lands and apparently unlimited resources, a period in which the prevailing philosophy was naturally enough *laissez-faire*. It was a period of luxuriant individualism. The Fourteenth Amendment was made the vehicle of its expression, the quality of the Court was exemplified in the sturdy personalities of Justices like Brewer and Peckham. "Liberty of contract" flourished, social legislation was feared, except during the sound but brief leadership in the opposite direction by Chief Justice Waite.

The period of invidualism and fear is over. Occasionally there is a relapse, but on the whole we have entered definitely upon an epoch in which Justice Holmes has been the most consistent and dominating force, and to which Justices Day and Hughes have been great contributing factors. It is the period of self-consciousness as to the true nature of the issues before the Court. It is the period of realization that basically the questions are not abstractions to be determined by empty formula, that contemporary convictions of expediency as to property and contract must not be passed off as basic principles of right. It is this new spirit which led Justice Holmes to say that it was the Court's duty "to learn to transcend our own convictions, and to leave room for much that we hold dear to be done away with, short of revolution, by the orderly change of law."

At present the important field of judicial interpretation is practically restricted to two provisions of the Constitution: the Commerce clause and the Fourteenth Amendment. Around these center the contending forces of state and national action. The Fourteenth Amendment in a word involves an application of the "police power," which extends "to all the great public needs." And so it covers the whole domain of economic and social and industrial facts and the state's response to these facts. The principle of law—that the state cannot exercise arbitrary or unwarranted power—is undisputed. The difficulty is with the application of the principle, and the application involves grasp and imagination and contact with the realities of a modern industrial democracy. Under the Commerce clause we are dealing not with abstract legal questions but the pervasive facts of life, for, as the Supreme Court itself has said: "Commerce among the states is not a technical legal conception but a practical one drawn from the course of business."

To the consideration of these very questions Mr. Brandeis has given his whole life. To their understanding he brings a mind of extraordinary power and insight. He has amassed experience enjoyed by hardly another lawyer to the same depth and richness and detail, for it is the very condition of his mind to know all there is to be known of a subject with which he grapples. Thus he is a first-handed authority in the field of insurance, of industrial efficiency, of public franchises, of conservation, of the transportation problem, of the inter-relations of modern business and modern life.

But his approach is that of the true lawyer, because he seeks to tame isolated instances to as large a general rule as possible, and thereby to make the great reconciliation between order and justice. Mr. Brandeis would extend the domain of law, as he only very recently put it before the Chicago Bar Association, by absorbing the facts of life, just as Mansfield in his day absorbed the law merchant into the common law. This craving for authentic facts on which law alone can be founded leads him always to insist on establishing the machinery by which they can be ascertained. It is this which has led him to create practically a new technique in the presentation of constitutional questions. Until his famous argument on the Oregon ten-hour law for women, social legislation was argued before our courts practically *in vacuo*, as an abstract question unrelated to a world of factories and child labor and trade unions and steel trusts. In the Oregon case for the first time there were marshalled before the Supreme Court the facts of modern industry which reasonably called for legislation limiting hours of labor. This marked an epoch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the argument and decision of constitutional cases, and resulted not only in reversal of prior decisions, but in giving to the courts a wholly new approach to this most important class of present-day constitutional issues. As advocate Mr. Brandeis has secured the approval of every constitutional case which he has argued—argued always for the public—not only from the Supreme Court of the United States but from the courts of New York, Illinois and Oregon.

We may be perfectly certain, then, that Mr. Brandeis is no doctrinaire. He does not allow formulæ to do service for facts. He has remained scrupulously flexible. While, for example, he has made us realize that there may be a limit to the efficiency of combination, yet he has insisted that the issue must be settled by authoritative data, that such data must be gathered by a permanent non-partisan commission. So Mr. Brandeis helped to give us the Federal Trade Commission. He sees equally clearly that there are limits to the uses of competition, and no man has spoken more effectively against the competition that kills or more vigorously for the morality of price maintenance.

The very processes of his mind are deliberate and judicial—if we mean by deliberation and judicial-mindedness a full survey of all relevant factors of a problem and courageous action upon it. He has an almost unerring genius for accuracy, because his conclusion is the result of a slow mastery of the problem. Events have rarely failed to support his judgments. In the New Haven situation, for instance, the conclusions which Mr. Brandeis had reached and for which he sought quiet acceptance a decade ago were finally vindicated. So of all his public activities—the adoption of a sliding scale in franchise returns, the adoption of a savings-bank insurance, the settlement of industrial disputes, the regulation of conditions of labor, the conservation of our natural resources—in each problem there have been three stages: thorough investigation by and with experts; education of the public to the results of such investigation; and then political action with informed public opinion behind it, either by legislation for the government or by changes in the structure of one of the great groups of the state, such as the trade union or employers' organizations.

Mr. Brandeis says of himself: "I have no rigid social philosophy; I have been too intense on concrete problems of practical justice." A study of his work verifies this analysis. It is true he has a passion for justice and a passion for democracy, but justice and democracy enlist a common fealty. It is by his insistence on translating these beliefs into life, by his fruitful intellectual inventiveness in devising the means for such translation, that Mr. Brandeis is distinguished. One who has brought the agency of a vitalizing peace to the most anarchistic of all industries, the garment trades, and has done it not by magic but by turning contending forces into coöperative forces, has that balance of head and heart and will which constitutes real judicial-mindedness.

It is said of him that he is often not amiable in a fight. There is truth in the statement. The law has not been a game to him, the issues he has dealt with have been great moral questions. He has often fought with great severity. He has rarely lost. His great fights have been undertaken in the public interest. In the course of his career he has made enemies, some of whom were malicious, others honestly convinced that he had wronged them. A number of charges have been made against him, no one of which has been proved, though no one can question that Mr. Brandeis's enemies have spared no pains to prove them. His friends who are in a position to know the details of his career believe in him passionately. They are delighted that so able a committee of the Senate should have undertaken the work of running down every insinuation. They believe that no man's career can stand as much scrutiny as his. They want the insinuations crystallized, examined and disposed of, so that the nation may begin to employ this man who has at once the passion of public service and the genius for it.

The School Situation in New York

THE complications which have grown out of the discussion of the Gary plan in New York City illustrate the resistiveness which a formalistic and entrenched school system will show when suddenly challenged for an accounting of its stewardship. The existing situation presents a study of how tightly the public schools of a large city may become knotted up with various political, personal, professional and economic interests which must be served before the business of education begins. An organization with over 20,000 employes and an annual disbursement of $40,000,000 presents a formidable front to any change. It has not grown lightly together. It is the result of many years of adjustment to local political conditions, business interests, personal rivalries, racial and religious antipathies. The school system of New York has shaken itself down into the life of the city until it meets the demands of those who serve it, Board of Education, superintendents, principals and teachers. It has provided livelihood for many thousands of people. It has given the semblance of education to 800,000 children a year. Its personnel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been almost entirely recruited from the city itself. A large amount of local pride has gone into the system. Whatever controversies there have been were family quarrels rather than serious educational differences of opinion. The president of the Board has had to go periodically to Albany to protest against the limitation of the Board. The teacher-mothers have had to fight for their rights. The champions of "equal pay" have won a hard-earned victory. Bitterness has been aroused about pensions. But all these difficulties were manifestations of the will-to-power rather than of professional criticism of education. When it came to that the system showed its vitality. Board, superintendents, schoolmen, were as one in throwing off the attacks of the elaborate and expensive Hanus school inquiry of four years ago, and in resuming in virtuous and uncriticized seclusion the direction of a system which still proved, on the whole, so satisfactory to those who were in it.

For a genuine challenge the system had to wait till 1914, when the Mitchel fusion administration determined to force a solution of the pressing problems of school congestion and vocational education. A visit of the mayor, the president of the Board of Education and others to various Western cities resulted in the engaging of Dean Schneider of the University of Cincinnati and Superintendent Wirt of Gary as advisers to the Board. Dean Schneider's admirable scheme of coöperative courses between shop and school was introduced in the upper grades, and when his work was done he was dismissed with warm thanks and appreciation. Superintendent Wirt, however, found himself in a different position. The coöperative courses had fitted in snugly. They had challenged nobody. They had dislodged nothing in the system. The Gary plan for which Superintendent Wirt stood was soon discovered to have a more potent and sinister significance. It was nothing less than a criticism of the entire elementary school as organized on the uniform and exclusively bookish lines of the old régime. It threatened to cure almost too quickly the part-time evil with which local schoolmen had been wrestling for years. It suggested a novel form of pre-vocational training which would enable the school greatly to extend its opportunities of shop and science work at small expense. And it threatened to introduce libertarian ideas and standards of teaching and a flexible curriculum which should meet the demands of the individual child. It promised a revolutionary change of the old exclusive-study school into a varied and enriched work-study-and-play school.

These proposals loomed as a challenge to the educational policy of the city. They were rightly felt as a criticism of what the city had failed to achieve in the past. The policy of the Board of Education has been essentially a hand-to-mouth one. With its archaic and unwieldy organization it could scarcely be anything else. It still conducts its affairs on the plan of a village committee. In spite of its committees it still insists upon viséing every petty matter of administration. It will spend hours in executive session over the fate of an immoral janitor while the question of rebuilding a school-plant goes over, session after session. The Board has never produced enough concerted intelligence to reform its own organization. Of the forty-six professional and business men who compose it, only three or four are even articulate. It is one of the worst examples of the legislative and administrative ineffectiveness of a lay body which does not represent groups with a vital interest in the field, and which has no sense of the distinction between policy and administration.

Its amateurishness, its size, its feebleness of organization, prevent such a Board from pursuing the policy of educational engineering necessary for the success of a great enterprise like public education. It cannot make comprehensive plans for the future. It is always unprepared for emergencies. Confronted with the problems of the modern city school, it must fall progressively behind in the race. In New York the Board has been unable to supply schools fast enough to keep up with the growth of school population or the demands for vocational education. As a result it has fallen into the easy attitude of inefficiency which says, "If you will only give us enough money, we will give you what you want." The cumulative result of this drifting is a badly mottled school system, some parts, such as the high schools, being excellently provided for, while the elementary schools remain in all stages of adaptation as measured by modern demands. The point is that in such a school system the successes are accidental rather than the result of scientific, thought-out policy. The motivation remains the self-preserving interests of those in the system, rather than an intelligent educational mastery.

What happened in New York was that the fusion administration, when it called in Superintendent Wirt to its aid, found the city under a congestion so serious that nearly 150,000 children were receiving only a partial schooling. To remedy this situation $40,000,000 would have had to be spent at once. It was found that even the manual training and domestic science courses were reaching only 50,000 out of the 800,000 children, that almost no provision was being made for vocational training and guidance below the high school, and that it would cost the city $25,000,000 for buildings alone to meet the demand. The raising of such sums in a financially straitened city was evidently impos-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible. The attack had to be made from a different angle. The Gary plan, as worked out not only in Gary but in other industrial cities, met both of these problems. This fact led the fusion administration to put itself solidly behind the Gary plan. The Board of Education was persuaded to "experiment" with the new scheme. Two congested schools were successfully operated last year under the supervision of Mr. Wirt. In the spring the Board of Superintendents authorized the extension of the Gary plan to fourteen more schools in a congested district of the Bronx. There was apparent unanimity that the Gary plan offered the only feasible means whereby the New York school system could meet its obligations. The question was not whether the plan was the ideal system of education tested and approved by the unanimous weight of schoolmen and the centuries. It was whether the plan did not offer a new and radical school policy which would not only permit New York to meet its educational obligation to its elementary school children, but would also provide the city with an enriched and varied type of modern school at a cost within the city's means.

This was the real issue, and the manner in which this issue has been deflected and distorted since the opening of the school year in September has furnished an instructive study of the real influences and motives which determine the schooling of city children to-day. Soon after the schools opened, the mayor pursued his policy by recommending the extension of the Gary plan to all the elementary schools of the city, or at least to all those that were afflicted with part-time. This was the logical result of the Gary tests. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment regulated the school budget for 1915-16 on the basis of such an extension. It offered the sum of five million dollars for such a reorganization. This was the minimum sum estimated by Superintendent Wirt as necessary to remodel and equip the schools in accordance with his work-study-and-play plan. With this reorganization and with careful management it was felt that the budget could be substantially kept within the limits of the preceding year. The Board of Education was challenged with a fundamental reorganization of the elementary school, and challenged by a body which had more or less the financial whip-hand to coerce it.

The storm of controversy which has broken over the proposals of this school budget has been unique for an American city. Political squabbles are common enough in school systems, but it is rare to find an educational issue—the question of radical reform in the very type of public school—rousing so much public interest and heat. The plain citizen has been drawn in, so that the Gary plan has become a vital and exciting issue before which mere municipal politics has paled. Every self-protective interest in the school system has been drawn into the fight. "Gary" has suddenly become a menace and a watchword. It would be pleasant to believe that the resistance of New York schoolmen to the proposals is based on disinterested pedagogical philosophy. The discussion and intrigue which have developed around the budget show only too clearly the intricate play of political motives. The situation has brought out all the virus of the old system. What we have really is a challenge of the old mechanical public school of yesterday by the "school of to-morrow." It is this that makes the New York situation of nation-wide importance.

The issue is still before New York, and will be until the election of a new president of the Board of Education and of a new superintendent of schools crystallizes sentiment and formulates a clear and constructive policy.

Devil's Advocates

THE only interesting thing ever said in defense of human slavery was that it enables those who live upon it to cultivate a liberal life. But no one who reads the arguments of those who came to Washington in order to oppose the Child Labor bill will ever claim that the employment of little children makes pleasant human beings out of its apologists. One gentleman did say that you could "go down to the muddiest old pond and pull the whitest lily," but if Mr. David Clark, editor of the "Southern Textile Bulletin," and ex-Governor Kitchin of North Carolina are the lilies, then the statement can hardly go unchallenged.

For example: When Mr. William Walton Kitchin, who is a brother of Mr. Claude Kitchin, was Governor of North Carolina he sent a message to the legislature urging a rigid inspection of factories, and a sufficient force of inspectors for the work. Mr. Kitchin is no radical. He was present at the hearing as attorney for the employers opposed to federal child labor legislation. Mr. Clark did not agree with the Governor's recommendation:

> Congressman Keating: Did the mill owners of North Carolina, in the effort to ameliorate the condition of the employees, support Governor Kitchin in his recommendation?
>
> Mr. Clark: I did not favor inspection.
>
> Congressman Keating: Was that because you did not have faith in the state inspectors, or because you had a good deal of faith in the mill owners? . . .
>
> Mr. Clark: It is largely a grafter proposition. . . .
>
> Congressman London: What do you mean by a grafting proposition?
>
> Mr. Clark: I am not prepared to give you the facts,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but my understanding is that if you pay, you get a clean bill of health.

Congressman London: You believe that your mill owners would resort to corruption in order to escape a fair inspection?

Mr. Clark: Not more than any others; not more than was necessary.

Congressman London: You mean they would resort to corruption of a government official?

Mr. Clark: Well, yes, if they were held up.

The editor of the "Southern Textile Bulletin," having recorded his views of political morality, was led on to express himself about compulsory education. He had been complaining that the children taken from the mills would have no place to go:

Mr. Clark: When these people [the families of operatives] come from the mountains they do not believe in education. That is the reason we do not have compulsory education in North Carolina, because the isolated mountain districts would go Republican if we forced compulsory education upon them.

Shortly afterwards Congressman Dennison asked a question:

Congressman Dennison: Is the labor employed in your state generally or particularly organized?

Mr. Clark: It is not organized at all in my state.

Later ex-Governor Kitchin remarked that "the cotton mill furnishes an opportunity for light and remunerative work for the children"—that is to say, ten hours' work a day. A sort of light refreshment. "Children twelve and fourteen years old can do just as good work as a thirty-year old man with the work he is doing, and help take care of the family. I think that is a blessing."

A doctor employed by a cotton mill testified that a girl of twelve may be employed in a cotton mill eleven hours a day without injury. In this exalted mood various witnesses offered many aphorisms:

"If a mill operating an eleven-hour day employs children only eight hours, it would probably require additional machinery."

"The cotton mill has done more than anything else in the South to save the people from the farm."

"If this law passed and the younger children were taken out of the mill, the families would go back to the farms."

"If this bill passed it would affect 35 children between 14 and 16 in our mill of 400 people. This would necessitate our building eight new houses to take care of the new families that would be brought in."

Nor is this the worst: Things were said in the testimony which touch the bottom of human brutality:

"A roll of cotton cloth made by child labor is just as long, just as wide, just as white, and just as good as if made by adults."

There was this appeal to precedent:

"Congress never tried between 1830 and 1860 to prevent interstate commerce in the products of slave labor."

And then there was this gentle thought about children in general:

"You couldn't fix an age limit for child labor any more than you could tell when a pig becomes a hog."

In this crew and supporting it was to be found Mr. James A. Emery, counsel for the National Association of Manufacturers. Mr. Emery talked at length about constitutionality and states' rights. Finally he was asked to explain whom he represented. It developed that Mr. Emery was speaking in the name of 4,000 manufacturers all over the Union. Naturally there was an inquiry as to whether Mr. Emery had consulted the 4,000 manufacturers:

Mr. Emery: My opinion was asked on this measure at the last meeting of the board of directors. . . .

The directors acted against the bill, and "the information of the action of the board of directors was sent to all" of the manufacturers belonging to the National Association. In other words, the business men of the country were put on record against this bill without being consulted. Do they not find that a little humiliating? Do they enjoy the company they are keeping, thanks to the initiative of their counsel? And how do they expect the rest of us to respect their opinions and follow their organized advice when this is the way they permit themselves to be dragged in the kind of mud from which no lilies are ever pulled?

The New REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1916, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIPP LITTELL — FRANCIS HACKETT
WALTER E. WEYL — CHARLOTTE RUDYARD
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japanese Intentions

I LIVED in Japan for nearly a year—the year of the Russian War. In my opinion the Japanese possess a more complete solidarity, being more homogeneous, and a deeper patriotism than the Germans—for unlike that of any Western people, their patriotism and their religion are practically synonymous. They possess furthermore an equal capacity for organization and detail. They appear to me to enjoy what Bernhardi calls the " spiritual " essentials of a great nation to a very marked degree. Money alone they have always lacked—the money to equip those expensive auxiliary arms which the art of modern war demands. To-day, through the munitions trade with Russia, they are making a fortune.

Broadly speaking—I mean in the sense that it is Russian policy to obtain warm-water ports at anybody's cost—the aim of Japanese foreign policy is to expel every white nation from the Far East. When the European war broke out, they saw their chance to expel Germany from Tsing Tao, and also from the islands of the South Pacific. A British column under Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston " cooperated " at Tsing Tao; the Australian navy " coöperated " in the capture of the German islands. Superfluous to say, the Japanese neither needed nor wanted any coöperation at all.

Then came the question during the autumn of 1914 of sending Japanese troops to Europe. One of the most influential French statesmen of the time —neither his name nor the name of my informant am I at liberty to divulge—is said to have suggested that an army of 400,000 Japanese be sent to Serbia via Saloniki. The Japanese government is supposed to have given the following conditional acquiescence: that they would send such an army within four to six months, provided first, that the commander-in-chief be a Japanese; second, that the French Republic should cede certain of its Asiatic possessions (probably including the port of Saigon); third, that the Japanese be guaranteed an absolutely free hand in China by England, Russia and France. My informant said that the French actually agreed, even to the cession of colonial territory, but that the English, when they heard the demands regarding China, said that it simply was not good enough —" Les Anglais n'y tenaient pas." So that was the end of that.

The anti-British press campaign in Japan began early in 1915. At first anti-American statements appeared to the effect that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance made Japan the defender of India in England's interests; that when the treaty was revised England extricated herself from responsibility in case Japan and the United States went to war. Of course all such statements appeared in unimportant publications, but in a country where, at the behest of the government, the opposition is generally supposed not only to inaugurate press campaigns but also to arrange riots, statements of this kind achieve some importance. For Japan intends to rule in the Far East, and eventually to rule alone. Of the seven other Great Powers, two, Austria and Italy, possess no foothold there; Germany has been driven out; Russia has been forced back. Chemulpo, Dalny, Port Arthur, Tsing Tao are Japanese to-day; and given a favorable conjunction of circumstances, Saigon and Manila will go the same road; last of all, should Hong Kong be taken, the Chinese government could be moved to Tokio. That would be the crowning achievement of the foreign policy of Japan.

So the anti-British press campaign has gone on increasing in violence. A semi-official statement was issued that Japan was bound by her treaty with England to defend India only against a foreign foe, not to quell an Indian uprising. The elevation of Yuan Shih Kai to the throne of China has been steadily opposed by Japan, for Japan's diplomacy finds no place for a strong man in Peking. Certain demands were pressed on the Chinese government, demands which would have made China a Japanese sphere of political, commercial and even military influence. Japanese arms have been smuggled into the hands of South Chinese revolutionists, and Japanese gun-running ships have been captured by French cruisers. German prisoners have escaped to China from Japan. Count Okuma, premier of Japan, wants just as much for Japan as any other Japanese, but he believes in " going slow." Recently a bomb was thrown at him by four young political revolutionists who meant to protest that Count Okuma was going too slow for Japan's interests. A large number of Japanese believe that now, while the other Powers of the world are engaged, is the time to take possession of China's government.

When the Japanese Parliament convened at Tokio in December, great stress was laid on the fact (I quote the correspondent of the London *Times*) that Count Okuma had made a mistake in signing the " no peace " agreement, because no one knew what might happen during the course of the war. The implied criticism was that he had not sufficiently maintained the cardinal Japanese princi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple of Japan for the Japanese. Meanwhile the press campaign continued, to which no official voice was raised in reply. For in this way, according to Japanese methods, public opinion may be "indicated," to which the government may have to "give in."

For example, according to the "Yamato"—a Tokio newspaper reported by the Japanese Consulate in New York to be in bad financial condition and of diminished standing—as reported by a New York daily of January 21st, "Japan, like Germany, is under the necessity of seeking expansion. Therefore England's traditional policy of maintaining existing conditions is unfavorable to Japan . . . ."

"The conclusion of the 'Yamato's' editor is that the war will end by one of the allied nations breaking away from the London agreement.

"The 'Yamato' intimates that Germany and Russia will be drawn together after the war, and advocates a Russo-German-Japanese alliance on the basis that Germany and Russia are to have western Asia and India, and Japan is to have a free hand in China.

"The 'Yamato' is allowed to continue without hindrance from the government . . . ."

Japan's only real reason for her "traditional friendship" with England is the fact that England does actually control and always has controlled the sea. That is why Count Okuma signed the "no peace" agreement, and why he consults British wishes as regards the government at Peking. That is what statesmen the world over are inclined to overlook—that inconspicuous fleet of dreadnoughts who never "make the front page," whose very names are unknown beyond professional circles. That is what the uneasy younger patriots of Japan forget when they accuse Okuma of being untrue to Japanese ideals. If it were not for the British fleet the Japanese army would very likely be on its way to Peking tomorrow.

The Japanese are a people as devoted to their ideals and to their destiny as any race on the globe to-day—as devoted to their ideals as Germany to her Kultur. Chivalrous, patriotic, industrious, in the distant future they feel that they may fairly aspire to the leadership of all Asia. Their ambitions know few bounds, their self-confidence none. But to the white peoples they are likely to be a powerful enemy. I do not wish to imply that there exists a condition pointing to a Japanese-American war. I do not believe that such a condition exists. The Japanese government is never likely to become importunate over the California school and land question. Japan has no designs on the North American continent. They do not, of course, want us in the Philippines. They do not want the Dutch in Batavia, or the French in Saigon, or the British in Hong Kong. We could very easily get into a war with them over what they consider their vital interests in the East, but are those interests vital to us as well? Are we going to fight them for the Philippines?

Ten years ago I was present at some fighting near 203-Metre Hill outside Port Arthur. We were a party of some ten war correspondents. At dawn we were awakened with the news that a Russian captain had been taken prisoner, and were asked whether we would like to photograph him. The correspondents were men of no achievements, the majority dependent on small salaries. No one had had the chance to photograph a Russian prisoner before. It was in most cases a matter of bread-and-butter. The men were of all nationalities. I remember how excitedly they fished out their cameras from underneath their cots. We all ran out, and there, sitting very gravely in the sun, was an old bearded quartermaster-captain, transferred through shortage of officers to the line. A dozen grinning Japanese soldiers surrounded him. They were not grinning to be disagreeable, but to be polite. But they were yellow, and he was white and a prisoner in their hands. Every single correspondent—Norwegian, Canadian, American, even the German Jew—stopped, slung his camera, and turned away, as though the action had been rehearsed. Not one man took that picture.

I believe that the Japanese are a great nation, a meritorious nation, but so long as they are living side by side with them in Asia, they will never really be friends of England, of Russia, of Germany, of the United States. For the question is, beyond changing politics, a racial one at the last.

GERALD MORGAN.

Synthetic Poetry

PERHAPS it would not be amiss to recount once more certain experiments that have antedated the illustrious Professor Monday's recent important discovery concerning synthetic poetry. Not that previous research had anything to do with that accident; but having found his fact, the sage was able later to connect it with the results of those many labors in the past, and so assure himself of the validity of his compound. There can be small doubt that since the beginning of human industry sporadic instances of synthetic poetry must often have been seized upon, especially by persons who had no means of obtaining the natural poetry directly from nature's crucibles. But it was not until the early nineteenth century that the subject was first approached by the scientific mind.

It was a Mr. Newton Rule, a disciple of Robert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southey, whose experiments head the list of modern developments in English. Rule found that by isolating the adjectives from the poems of William Cowper and substituting certain others chosen from the works of Collins, he obtained a colorless reaction. The resulting substance, called ruloid, upon being submitted to the cerebral processes became viscid, and upon being transferred to paper hardened into something giving the impression of a white spongy mass. We now know that in that mass was to be found the earlier uncolored form of synthetic poetry. Many similar labors followed, both on the continent and in America, each toiler choosing the work of one or perhaps several masters upon which to base his efforts. It is needless to tabulate these activities in all languages of civilization, but we must next observe the work, years later, of the French seeker, Athanase Bon, a friend of Arthur Rimbaud, Verlaine's friend. Bon felt, but found it impossible to prove, that certain words in the poems of Stéphane Mallarmé polymerized; that is to say, they intercombined through rearrangement into what he could see was synthetic poetry, though he had no name for it. A year later Mr. Esmé Beauclerk, in preparing his Newdigate prize poem at Oxford, secured a pale crystallization by treating an essay of Walter Pater with a solution of sugar. But he could never repeat his experiment. Ten years later he found that some portions which he had not used of the original essay, and from which he had removed certain objectionable words, had converted themselves into synthetic poetry without his help.

In the next year Ludwig Kreis, a German, converted some of the vernacular of his tongue into the gaseous form of the elusive substance by a process which anybody could repeat. This was followed by a remarkable coincidence when the Honorable Gerald Shetland-Lennox, an Englishman, and Seumas Og, an Irishman, reached independently and simultaneously the further conclusion that a small quantity of liquid alcohol, by its mere presence in the mixture, could carry over into synthetic poetry any sonnet of Shakespeare that they could remember. And this could be done in quantitative proportions. Both discoverers announced also that they had not arrived at this new fact by a sudden inspiration but by the process of elimination; to quote their own words, they were "just trying everything." Before that year had ended, McTavish Israels, the American, discovered that other entities analogous to alcohol, echoids, as they are called, derivatives of listenerene, belonging to the egoic group, were capable of a similar metamorphosis.

Since that time thousands of workers have reached the same result. It may now be approached from many avenues, but it still remains true that anyone who uses the Lennox-Og solution or who can get to echoids can pass on to the synthesization without difficulty. Of course the first step to be reached is the raw material. Some start from ordinary petroleum burned at midnight, others from a thin molasses mingled with large quantities of capsicum, others use an acid base with various organic substances dissolved in it. A great deal can be said for an aqueous solution of common milk for poetic synthesis. Of course there is no doubt that synthetic poetry will during the next few years be put on the market in increasing quantities in competition with natural poetry, and even now it far outstrips the original product in quantity.

A word in regard to the coloring of synthetic poetry. This is determined in various ways, dependent upon the stage of synthesization at which the dyes are introduced. No manufacturer mixes the coloring matter into the base, since the color would run and fade during the jelly-like stage. All specialists in the commodity realize that the colorization can best be performed in the last stage, just before the work is completely dry. The color is then laid on, not worked into the substance. Professional enamelers often do this surprisingly well.

Monday's great discovery of last week will have a marked influence upon the whole subject. His news is still too recent to speculate upon, but again the result was obtained by one of those catastrophes of which the history of empirical research is full. The accidental burning of the dictionary in an electric oven in which the professor had just broken down a synthetic ruby into common alum is now common knowledge. Dr. Monday looked just in time to see the dictionary fall from the shelf. Deeply chagrined, for it was a presentation copy, he was obliged to wait until the next day, when the furnace should cool, before removing the débris. It was on that following day that, upon attempting to clean the retort, he discovered that the volatile dry ashes of the great book still retained their print; that upon being stirred they arranged themselves into sentences half readable, seemingly, yet not entirely so; partly coherent, though not wholly; partially true, but hardly conclusive; tremulously obvious, yet tragically vague; and above all, strangely familiar, yet somewhat veiled. Finding that with every sweep of the hand the words arranged themselves in new combinations quite as readable as the first, the Professor, deeply puzzled, sent a sample of the oven's contents pasted upon a sheet of paper to the editor of a popular magazine. This was followed in the afternoon by a visit to the laboratory from the editor in person in search for the poet. What must have been the worthy professor's sensations upon realizing that he had discovered another

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Northwest Passage, a royal road to an industry, the shortest known method for producing synthetic poetry? What his discovery will mean to the world's markets cannot yet be estimated.

Synthetic poetry's rapidly increasing competition with natural poetry is due to the fact that at present the world is not quite sure what poetry is. It is true that a number of specialists have proposed constitutional formulae which express with a certain consistency some of the properties of poetry, but which leave certain other properties unexplained. Of course it cannot be justly claimed that synthetic poetry is strictly comparable with natural poetry, but that it is commercially possible has been verified again and again. There are one or two simple tests, however, which are possible to everyone who is in doubt. The first of these is time. Synthetic poetry is essentially not durable. Even in the chilled, cold-drawn, vulcanized or galvanized forms it is not lasting, but soon disintegrates. Another test is exposure to light and air. It cannot resist the continued presence of these factors and soon fades.

It is barely possible that persons who begin by using synthetic poetry may come to know and value the natural product. When these shall cast about them for something more cohesive and durable than the manufactured article, they shall not be disappointed.

For the true poetry, poetry itself, rises out of other sources, lifts to light in other fountains. It is caught from the glowing wine-like sap of two trees only, earliest found in an Asian garden planted eastward, out of which four rivers ran, Euphrates, Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel. One of these ran to the westward. On this stream the growth was borne, and having reached a welcoming soil, ran flowering through America. Now to the awakened eye the very dust of city streets, of country roads and every meadow bears it—infinite seedlings of the ancient trees.

T.

Ballet According to Bakst

OF course the Russian ballet as we see it here is not for all tastes, not for persons who have seen it better done in Rome or Moscow or Petrograd, not for him who is unlucky enough to sit between two such rememberers of greater glories, and meek enough to allow his neighbors' recollections to hang a veil of second-hand disappointment in front of his own eyes. Of course too there are peculiarly sensitive spectators, men and women who couldn't without being inflamed by rival hunger watch a goat crop grass or a lion tear his meat, and who find in the Russian ballet little except a call to a yet more wakeful instinct to be up and doing. And of course, in both "Schérérazade" and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," a sense of propriety untempered by a sense of beauty will as easily find things to be shocked at. From neither of these ballets, it may as well be acknowledged at the outset, will there be any sending empty away of that furtive prurience which knows how to feed on even the frankest openest spectacle.

Peace to all such spectators, and to those also who demand of dancing long curving unbroken continuity, and who may well feel checked and disconcerted, at more than one of these ballets, by the breaking of their loved long line, by the sudden interposition of something differently dramatic, of story-telling much more direct. Not among these is the special spectator whom Bakst requires, and who does not get, out of any ballet from which Bakst is absent, the particular newness of sensation that Bakst can give. What "Prince Igor" gives to this spectator is much, is abundant, but it is not rare. Khan Kontchak's tribe of earth-shakers, outside their tents under the vermilion light on earth's surface, are such stuff as earth is made of. When the dance music begins it brings them their hour of speed, a speed which mounts fast and faster until the earth is trampled by their tumult, and the music brandishes their barbaric bodies, and large waves of sienna and ochre and umber roar under the light in a storm of violence and sound. In this dance, which is danced not superlatively at all, but well enough to communicate a strong staple excitement, there is something unfamiliar and little that is new, nothing new in fact but the guidance of such a spectacle by someone who knows color as a luministe knows it, who has not forgotten that the shadow of grass is green in the sunset, and who uses this green.

"Les Sylphides," coming after "Prince Igor," is a place of moonlit coolness and silver quiet, where the white moths flutter together in pattern and crouch in white rosettes, clusters waiting to be circled by lonelier dancers still moth-like. Here is a familiar pleasantness, dear to spectators who are most pleased when the ballet they see resembles the ballets they remember, and who admire above other kinds of motion the fluidity of these arms beckoning whitely.

Nothing could contrast more sharply with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conventionally fluent movement of these moth-like bodies here and there through their atmosphere than Bakst's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," than this delicate hard finish as of some lovely Greek vase painted in two glazes, than these faintly colored nymphs with long bones in their bodies, than the way they stand and move in planes. Just as when you look at colors in a glaze, so here you do not see the colors at first but find them afterward, less conscious of them even when found than of the patterns on the nymph's dresses, of the staccato-kneed faun so enormously dappled, of the angular grace and light awryness with which this archaic world moves sidelong, even its feet in profile all the time. But no, this ballet is not archaic, not designed by a child trying to represent motion by sharp lines of direction. The archaic artist never saw the archaic, but Bakst has seen and studied it, has made art by looking at art, has lost his innocence, knows too much, does not pretend that he doesn't, attains by imposing restrictions on himself a learned and amused counterfeit of an art that did its best, with all its means, to represent. The archaizer plays with things that used to be serious, and so he expresses, instead of the early Greek reverence for desire, a certain detached amusement at a fetish-worship, at a lasciviousness, which for him after all are here merely as parts of his design.

When Bakst did "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" he pleased himself by hiding the compositeness of his art, by deceiving careless observers into thinking the slenderness of its unity a lack of richness in his material. No one could make the same mistake about "Schéhérazade," for here Bakst lets us look at the profusion he reduces to the unity of his design, at the lavishness of color, of yellow topaz, lapis lazuli, colors of birds and snakes, and an equal lavishness in his use of strong, dark emotions. He must have a brain which feels emotion and sees color at the same instant, or he would not be able to do what he does with the contrast between the women's white flesh and the dark flesh of the slaves bursting in, and with the horror that enters along with this contrast. And in spite of all this color and richness he can still get, when he wants it, a clear accent of red on Zobéide's hat, and again on the slave her lover, as if two flames should stand out against a background of fire. In "L'Après-Midi" he is more concerned with form and silhouette kept in two planes, here more with color, with colored undulations, with as many planes as you can cut jewels into. In "Schéhérazade" hunger finds the food that longs to be eaten, the game of desire is played frankly without shame, and with a good understanding that the forfeit is death if the players get caught.

Of these two Baksts it is perhaps worth remarking that "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" is much the easier to recall in its progress, as one gets formal verse by heart without knowing how, and that this formality is part of the strangeness which Bakst, in this ballet more strangely than anywhere else, has added to beauty.

The World's Worst Failure

(III) The Woman in Industry

I SAT on a stepladder in the orchard shaking down the last orange pippins, while at the farmhouse door stood the two women who, by the curious exigencies of wartime, were living with me in close companionship although I had never seen them before. The billeting of a Lancashire regiment had already meant that I housed a little trumpeter who had one morning attempted, with all the recklessness and ambition of fifteen, to shave himself, with such results that when they had brought him round with brandy and pinned up the bandage they had looked for someone to feed him up for a week or two. And when two wives came casually from Manchester for a surprise visit, unable to believe that there are large tracts of England without great grey blocks where one was welcomed at reduced terms if one washed at the sink, they also fell to me. They were not happy guests. It was not, as one might have expected, that they found country life too tame, but rather that it was too wild. They feared the interplay of little lives that is concealed like a net in long grass under every country scene. They were afraid to walk by the stream because of the bright-eyed voles; they would not go through the woods because of the little foxes that cried softly among the roots. And when one opened the door at night, so immense a blackness pressed in against the human lamplight!

Upon the eastern hilltop of the valley the rising October moon was caught in a bare-branched hawthorn thicket; on the western hills there glowed rosily the ashes of the sunset, and between them arched a sky clear as glass, whose high calm was a delusion. For a wind ran here and there in the valley. Sometimes it set the elms roaring down their ivied bodies to their deep old roots. Some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times it swung southward so that I could not hear the little trumpeter practicing his calls among the orange osiers by the stream. Sometimes it whirled about the apple-tree so that I was covered and beaten with a confusion of dark leaves and bright fruit. Now it veered down the valley and came back, broke on the elmtops, poured down on me like a rush of water, and spilled away like a shallow stream through the long grass and violets at the apple-tree's foot. I stretched up my arms to it so that it ran down my sleeves and clothed my body with a layer of cold, such cold that it must have blown the silver chill from the shipwrecked moon on the hill, which seemed to turn my blood to a quick ethereal force and my flesh to some brilliant and crystalline substance. It was such an exultation as seizes one on mountain snow and makes the nerves sing like a harp.

"Come out!" I called to the pale women at the door. Here was the something that I had longed for ever since they came into the house, something that would blow away their invalidish white inertness. The girl who made baby millinery for what she proclaimed the most refined emporium in Manchester put out that golden head which up till noon had been a barbed wire entanglement of curlers and was now an exquisite and involved piece of industry. The wind struck the lovely white mask of her face to color and she smiled willingly, but looked downward at the remarkable pink silk stockings which had inspired the simple villagers to name her the Daisy. The only piece of morality which women seem to have worked out for themselves is that on all occasions one should preserve the integrity of one's silk stockings. She stood there, beautiful but utterly unlordly in her sickliness; and at her side the cotton operative from Bolton, a grey-haired woman of thirty-five, shivered into her shawl with that unnatural anguish at the cold which comes to people with raw nerves, and continued to knit a stocking with irascible speed. They were missing the last day of the year's liveliness, the last day when the land would show herself green and kindly and dancing before it sank into the solemn pregnancy of winter. They had been moved to avoid it by the contempt for the unprogressive processes of nature which they revealed more frankly when they peered down on my basket of apples as we carried them into the kitchen, and they asked with a kindly derision if I thought that jelly made from these could be as good as "shop jam."

The coming of the men who belonged to these women, the men of the newest army in the world, had raised all the ghosts of the old armies which lay thick as leaves in this quiet valley. In the grove beside the farmhouse gold coins of Caracalla lay among the bramble-roots, and in the wood on the east hill's brow was an altar raised by a Roman legion of Spaniards. Stephen with his sheepskinned men had come to this steading and driven its herds before him along the highroad on the western hills, by which there traveled later the tattered banner of the Red Rose. Cromwell, great because he handled only fine causes, but low among leaders of men because he handled them harshly and without style, passed northward to bring freedom to England and to dismantle a cathedral. And in every later war poor lads fuddled by the recruiting sergeant at the alehouse, and rich lads from the great houses that lie mellow among the hornbeams, went away and died because of the bad dreams of the dynasts. Now all these soldiers lived again. The legionary peered down through the brush on the wood's edge at the brown men on horses who dragged strange shining instruments of war crashing down the lanes, and hollowed his hands round his mouth and cried down two thousand years, "Build a good Empire of your fighting, friends!" The sheepskinned man and the Lancastrian and the Roundhead who died under the same May-tree by the stream and in the many nights since then have grown good friends, hailed them: "Thank God you fight your enemies and not your brothers!" And the palest of all ghosts, the English ghosts who did not die in England, cried thinly and bitterly, as those who best knew the hatefulness of war, "Pray God you triumph over all but peace!" These thousand men, tempered by the hardship and discipline of their six months' training like sword-blades dipped in an icy river, advancing undismayed upon the worst of wars, must have evoked the praise and wonder of the dead.

The golden-haired girl in my cottage was made in the mould of an angel, but her substance was corrupt with anaemia; her lips were bluish, and her flesh was grey-white like the driftwood on a beach. In time one became used to her deathliness of color and considered her exquisite features, but as one looked on the bow of her lips they parted and showed that, delightful as she would be to a lover, she would be even more profitable to a dentist. And from this sepulchre of beauty she sent out no more hearty greeting to the world she lived in than an occasional remark in a voice as thin as smoke to the effect that it is a mercy pink suits nearly every girl. To this she had been brought by spending her days from the time she was fourteen in an ill-ventilated sitting-room, stitching at such little caps as the one she now carried on her hand with the pride of an artist, a convoluted mass of ribbons as involved and lacking in artistic dignity as a sprig of parsley.

And the woman from Bolton, who was now preparing with her usual nervous agony of haste another brew of the rank tea they drank all day long,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had as beggarly a body. The wet heat and the ceaseless speeding-up of the cotton mill had dried up the plumpness and the fun of her so that she was nothing but a pair of fevered eyes that looked at the sky suspiciously, as though it was concealing a bobbin which needed adjusting, and a nervous system laid as bare as the veins of a leaf in a *hortus siccus*. She was doubtless the dear discomfort of some good man's home in which she played a part between a perpetual draught and a convulsive cuckoo-clock. One could imagine her rushing home from her ten hours' day at the mill in a frenzy to apply to her children and her house certain high standards of cleanliness and good feeding: scrubbing the skin off her son's face and plaiting her daughter's hair till there was hardly a hair left and indulging in much evil-tempered skirmishing with brooms and saucepans. The coming of her children must have been heralded by an increasing acidity of her temper, and all tenderness would be distorted by the twist of her into forcible tidyings and irritating prohibitions. All the sweetness that makes a fine woman a dearer thing than a fine man, that made the housewife in the dairy a serener ghost than any of the helmeted dead in the fields, had been sucked out of her by industry.

It was certainly necessary for the freedom of women that they should enter into modern industry, because that was the only way by which they could get the wage they earned instead of getting what share of the collective income of the family the men thought fit. So a woman can now leave her father or her husband without leaving her means of livelihood as well. But these women were paying too heavy a price for this simple victory of justice, for they were giving their blood and the pleasures that rich-blooded people find in the world, and a deeper thing beside. For they never bear healthy children that are certain to live and themselves bear children; and motherhood is neither a duty nor a privilege, but simply the way that humanity can satisfy its desire for physical immortality and triumph over its fear of death. There was nothing these women could do to regain their ancient noble peace, that serenity which comes of valuable work done leisurely and in clean places, except to rebel.

I perceived that just as there had been no hope for the peace of nations till the men in the fields had gone out to war against Germany the aggressor, so there could be no hope for the peace of womanhood until these women went out to war against the capitalist. It must no longer be the case that just because a woman is not a parasite, just because she plays an honorable part in the world and is a producer, she is robbed by her employer of her health, the natural harmony of her nerves, her pleasantness, her highest hope. Perhaps these two women, so pitifully victims of the industrial system, were as gallantly rebels against it.

The Daisy stirred her spoon round and round her teacup and said she did not belong to no union, and kept herself to herself, and she sipped her tea with a peculiarly refined hissing noise. It appeared that one of the chief reasons which had made Ma put her to the millinery was that she need never go out and need never meet no one; and she appealed to me for confirmation of her opinion that a girl had, above all, to keep herself select. The woman from Bolton, bright for a minute after her black draught of tea, owned to a trade union with the same unenthusiastic approval with which she had mentioned that there was a good coöperative store near her house, but said that she took no part in its management. "'Tisna becoming to a woman to do the clacking—'tis t'man's job," she said, with a peculiar bridling of the head which made me fear that by my question I had perhaps roused some painful memory of an attempted speech which had been a failure, and declared she found the local union institutes and reading-rooms not a bit of use. "To go in there, like wi' all t' men gapin' at you!" and her shrivelled head repeated that bridling movement which suddenly and bitterly I understood. I laughed, because I had again made the discovery that woman is the world's worst failure.

Here again was the instinct for elegance. The girl sat in the mean living-room and worked long hours at an unorganized trade because, although her body rotted daily in the darkness and poverty, she could yet retain that film of disuse which is known as her virginal bloom. The woman who had been made such a jarring nuisance by overwork that a man could no more love her than he could nourish a passion for a creaking gate, would not rebel against her spoilers because she had heard that self-assertion made a woman unlovable. So as they starved and strained they would, year by year, become more deeply undesirable because they cared only for desirability.

The dairy door dashed open then, and the little trumpeter, rosy with joy at the lusty autumn afternoon, slashing his muddy boots with a stem of rust-red bracken, and very hungry for his tea, showed them the true beauty they had lost. It is from selflessness and an amazed passion for the wonders of the world that there comes the perfect beauty which we see in the faces of saints and men of science, in boys loose in good fields, in young calves racing in the sunlight; and elegance is its enemy.

REBECCA WEST.

London.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unregenerate Democracy

WHEN the history of President Wilson's administration comes to be written he will be credited with certain sound achievements, certain unnecessary shortcomings, and certain serious mistakes; but a candid commentator, no matter how friendly, can hardly avoid the admission of one conspicuous and egregious failure. Mr. Wilson has failed in his much advertised and cherished attempt to resurrect the Democratic party as an indispensable organ of American government. After three years of responsibility and power the Democrats are as inept in performance and as bankrupt in principle as they were at the time of the Alton B. Parker campaign. A similar ineptitude and bankruptcy on the part of the organized opposition may result in their victory at the next election, but if so, it would be for the party as a whole an unearned victory. Partisan Democracy cannot be resurrected in the way that Mr. Wilson hoped and planned. It is a surviving rather than a living and growing political body.

In July, 1912, a loyal Democrat might plausibly have looked forward to a genuine resurrection of the Democracy. The Republicans were split. One faction had definitely assumed a reactionary position, the other was seeking with abounding enthusiasm to organize a new national party around a radical political and social program. The Democratic candidate was sure of election, but one election was not enough. A unique opportunity existed of substituting Democracy for Republicanism as the aggressive dominant party in the nation. The task looked difficult but not impossible. In order to accomplish it its leaders had only to renew Democratic self-confidence by showing that traditional Democratic principles were adequate to solve contemporary American industrial and social problems, and by contriving an effective method of restoring party discipline. The Democrats, that is, needed an ideal with which to fight the Progressives; and they needed party loyalty and cohesion with which to convert the ideal into legislative and administrative action. Under the leadership of Jefferson and Jackson they had been deservedly called the party of the plain American people. They had been seized with an aggressive political impulse, with the passion and the ability to rule. Why should the triumphant Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson not be succeeded by the triumphant Democracy of Wilson?

So at all events Mr. Wilson thought, and he proceeded to carry out the plan with a characteristic mixture of historical acumen, academic elaboration and political adroitness. A formula was unearthed from the Democratic scriptures which would prove not merely an antidote to the Progressive heresies but an infallible clue to the solution of contemporary social problems. The new nationalism of the Progressives, with its emphasis upon purposive social and political reconstruction, was opposed by the New Freedom—a doctrine which proclaimed substantially that if the system of letting things alone was properly regulated and its abuses eliminated, a permanent peace would be restored to the distracted American nation. A new method accompanied the revived creed. The Democratic party, invigorated by a renewed allegiance to its germinating principles, was to be consolidated as an instrument of government. The increasing dissensions within both parties had usually assumed the form of a disagreement between executives and legislatures. Mr. Wilson proposed to avoid such conflicts by systematically coöperating with Congress; the Presidency was to abandon some of its independence in order to increase its effectiveness. He would seek to lead Congress much as the British Prime Minister leads the House of Commons—that is, by making his leadership representative of the opinions of the majority of his party associates in Congress. Instead of imitating the method of Mr. Roosevelt as President, or Mr. Hughes as Governor of New York, which was that of coercing reluctant legislatures by a direct appeal to public opinion, Mr. Wilson planned to rule by means of a congressional majority, and in this way both to keep his party together and to consolidate the divided American government.

The President's plan of Democratic resurrection was for a while surprisingly successful. Its success persuaded some Progressives to regret their hasty scepticism. It looked as if the Wilson Democracy, carrying in its hand the torch of the New Freedom, might prove to be a useful even though somewhat manufactured copy of its Jacksonian predecessor. It revised the tariff with courage and intelligence. It passed a law constituting the right kind of a Trade Commission. It reorganized the national credit system, and thus distinguished itself by adding to the statutes for the first time in the history of the Democracy a sound measure of constructive financial legislation. The Wilson Democracy is entitled to look with complacency on these achievements. They could not have been accomplished as well by any other party, nor probably by the Democracy under any other leadership. But they were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attained only at a very considerable cost, and after they were attained, the initiating governing impulse of the party was exhausted. As soon as the new Democracy came to deal with problems of a different kind it faltered and hesitated. It has happened to control the government at a most exacting moment in our national history, one in which foreign policy had assumed a new and critical importance, and domestic policy had to be readjusted to meet the crisis. In dealing with this emergency the traditions upon which Mr. Wilson had based the resurrection of the party were worse than useless. The essential structure of the Wilson Democracy, its carefully elaborated outfit of ideas and methods, crumpled up under the shock.

Even during the period of success its cost was enormous. Mr. Wilson sacrificed on the altar of Democratic resurrection something of much greater political importance. He definitely checked the work of imposing on the federal government more exacting administrative standards. If there is one phase of political reconstruction which students of American government unanimously approve, it is the improvement of administrative methods; yet the first trained student of government ever installed in the White House has treated it with deliberate indifference. Mr. Wilson is the only President, Democrat or Republican, since the original civil service law was passed, who has not only done nothing to raise the standards of administration but who has actually lowered them. He refused to carry on the agitation so well begun by Mr. Taft in favor of permanent tenure for the higher federal officials, and a scientific budget and cost-accounting for the national administration. He permitted political appointments in many parts of the service from which politics had been gradually excluded. In a number of instances he allowed trained experts to be withdrawn from important positions and substituted for them party hacks. The proposed appointment of Joseph Johnson as Postmaster of New York is not exceptional. It is merely a flagrant instance of what has been going on throughout a large part of the unclassified service.

Manifestly the sacrifice of administrative standards was the price which Mr. Wilson and his country had to pay for the attempt to resurrect and consolidate the Democracy. Improvements in administrative standards have usually been forced on partisan legislative majorities by executives who represented a progressive element in non-partisan public opinion, and who were not afraid to oppose the party machines. An executive who sought above all to conciliate a partisan legislative majority was disqualified as a fighter for good administration; and this statement is even more true of a Democratic executive than of a Republican. Both parties live on local patronage, but the Democrats need it more than the Republicans and covet it with a better conscience because they have never been reconciled to the idea of a trained and specially qualified administration. To men like Mr. Bryan the expert is as suspect as he would have been to Andrew Jackson. Like the Socialists of to-day, the orginal Democrats were not willing to trust the administration of the public service to experts who might be party opponents. Administration was to them as essentially political as legislation, and its conduct was to be determined by the same political values. The Democratic party demanded the administrative as well as the legislative offices, because it was the proper and peculiar representative of the American people. Its confusion between politics and administration has persisted with an only partially impaired vitality. In spite of verbal homage to civil service reform, some such confusion lies deep in the constitution of both parties and particularly of the Democracy. Any genuine revival of partisanship must bring with it a revival of the spoils system. The Democrats were perfectly willing to be regenerated by their scholarly leader, but the regeneration could not be complete unless they got the offices.

In spite of all his sacrifices, Mr. Wilson has not succeeded in keeping his congressional majority acquiescent and his party united. During the past fortnight he has been engaged in stumping the country after the manner of Mr. Roosevelt so as to bring pressure to bear upon his own party in Congress. He has ceased to be a responsible Prime Minister without a responsible cabinet, and has become an independent executive whose power rests on his direct influence on popular opinion. The split among the Democrats in Congress is not accidental, but is the reflection of a deep-lying difference of attitude toward fundamental national problems. Mr. Wilson wants the American people to gather themselves together and plan to form themselves into a safer and better nation. His opponents believe that the country is safe enough as it is, and that it must better itself through individual and local rather than through collective effort. Mr. Wilson has the majority of his party with him, but his opponents rightly claim the full benefit of Democratic tradition and principle. Mr. Bryan and his followers are spouting the pure milk of Democracy, while Mr. Wilson and his followers, although they will control the party machine, are the manifest schismatics and heretics. As a consequence of being obliged to advocate military and naval preparation they have reversed the traditional attitude of their party towards both domestic and foreign policy. They are associating with preparedness many different plans of domestic reorganization which only yesterday they would have condemned as centralized paternalism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oblivion has descended on the New Freedom. The Democrats are now travelling by the light of a pale and fluttering candle which Mr. Wilson has hurriedly contrived out of Republican and Progressive materials. The Democrats are no longer able to proceed on their own power. They are crying for the coöperation of patriotic Republicans, and are pretending that their program has become national and non-partisan merely because it is receiving bipartisan support. But a party which depends upon the support of its opponents has ceased to rule, and can no longer claim to be indispensable. So far from being resurrected under Mr. Wilson's leadership, it has been ripped to pieces. Even though the pieces are glued together for use during the campaign, the party Democracy in its traditional sense has suffered a fatal defeat. What it needs for regeneration is not the revival of its traditions, but their thoroughgoing revision.

HERBERT CROLY.

CORRESPONDENCE

To Solve the Stockholder's Dilemma

SIR: I enjoyed the communication "The Stockholder's Dilemma," printed by you several weeks ago, and read with interest your editorial "Lending and Spending," concerning the issue raised in the letter. I beg leave to take exception to your suggested method of meeting the difficulty.

You propose to change stockholders into bondholders, that is, to give stockholders a fixed rate for furnishing capital. The crux of this proposal is, I take it, that by giving a fixed return upon capital the economic incentive to invest in one industry rather than another will be removed and investors will then place their money with those persons who will use the capital most nearly in accordance with the ideals of the investor. I object to this proposal on two grounds. First, the plan is so opposed to economic self-interest that enforcement of a law embodying such a provision would be well-nigh impossible; and second, if such a provision could be enforced, it would have ruinous economic results.

The economic self-interest of both the lender and the borrower would be opposed to such a plan. Borrowers confident of earning more than the legal rate of return would tend to bid up the rate offered (else why set a maximum?); and lenders would be anxious to accept such an increased rate. Further, I do not believe that such a law would be regarded as of such moral significance that people generally would be interested in its observance. If not, economic self-interest would surely be the deciding factor.

But even if enforcible such a law would be bad economically, as it would give no opportunity for the promoting of enterprise involving risk beyond the point for which the established rate would be an adequate compensation. You recognize this difficulty in suggesting that there *might* be two classes of bondholders: one "which accepted a low interest and a comparatively safe investment, and the other which involved a larger risk, and received, if the business were successful, a larger but limited return." The need of allowing any compensation for the risk involved implies that the rates in particular industries must be determined by the risk involved, if the field is to be open to new and hazardous industrial ventures, that is, if industry is to be dynamic rather than static—and who would have it otherwise?

Your proposal calls for discernment on the part of the investors after investing, and for the withdrawing of the investment if the policy of the corporation is objectionable to be placed "in the stock of a corporation whose policy is more enlightened." Hence the suggestion to form "an Investors' League based on the same ideas as the Consumers' League." But do you not forget that to transfer an investment from one corporation to another means the selling of stock in one corporation to some other person, and the buying of stock in a second corporation? With a fixed rate, how could there be buying and selling? Thus the suggestion of buying and selling of stock implies failure of the plan; at least such buying and selling would lead to unequal rates upon the sums paid for the stock even if such inequality did not precede the buying and selling. But waiving this point, since the selling of stock in an objectionable corporation means the buying of it by another person, how could this help the general situation? The capital investment would remain. It would remain even if the righteous stockholder should in his indignation destroy his certificate of stock. If the unscrupulous ones get an honest man's money in exchange for a certificate of stock, how can it be brought again into honest hands? But although it would not relieve the general situation, the selling of stock would palliate the conscience of the righteous individual, as it does now, and with an organized "Investors' League" we might expect such selling on a larger scale than at present. But would not this enhance the evils which have occasioned this discussion, since the stock in the objectionable corporation would be purchased by persons whose consciences are less tender than the consciences of the sellers, thus giving the control of the objectionable corporation more completely to those persons whose ideals were inimical to social welfare?

Your added reason in favor of the proposed plan, that it would result in a "juster and more beneficent distribution of business profits," does not seem to me to be well taken. This contemplates an increase in salaries to the managers and a decrease in earnings to the capital owners. Surely, if frail human nature is responsible to-day for the abuses complained of, this plan makes the temptation all the greater, for all the gain would then go to directors and managers rather than to unknown stockholders. As you say, this "would serve to increase their interest," and thus we may expect more rather than less abuse. But if the officers could be controlled, a problem which you admit to be complicated and difficult, I fail to see why one necessary element, business ability, should gain at the expense of another equally necessary element, capital. Socially, this feature of your plan would be bad, assuming it to be workable, for it would result in a greater concentration of wealth. For example, early investors in the Ford automobile project, although it is doubtful if there would have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been any under your plan, would receive only interest, not dividends, and Henry Ford would have a far larger fund than he now has.

Regulation of the objectionable corporation by law would seem to be the way out of the dilemma. Legislative machinery may be corrupt and thus prevent the best results, but it is upon the law that any plan, even yours, must rely for enforcement. Your plan differs from the usual proposal to control by regulation in that you propose regulation that would be unworkable and that would be vicious, both economically and socially; while the usual proposal does not have these weaknesses, however short it may come of ideal results.

H. G. HAYES.

University of Minnesota,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Disagreeing Subscriber Asks Why

SIR: Usually I read THE NEW REPUBLIC with pleasure and profit, but occasionally with exasperation. For example, last November Miss Amy Lowell's "Reaping" moved me to wrath and I wrote the editors in remonstrance. They defended its publication upon the ground that they wished to please all sorts of readers and so printed all sorts of things ("literary experiments," was their expression).

In your issue of January 8th you presented to your readers an article by Elinor Byrns entitled "The Woman Lawyer," which is commended to notice by mention on the front cover of this issue. Elinor Byrns (I use her full name to avoid a perplexity between "Miss" and "Mrs.") is a lawyer. She complains (1) that men lawyers have a prejudice against women lawyers, (2) that the law is not what it should be, (3) that men lawyers are not interested in improving the law, and (4) that the practice as conducted by men lawyers is the "game" of showing clients how to do what they please, "no matter what the law is."

It is no doubt true that the prejudice complained of exists, and it may be—although I shall not commit myself on this point—that this prejudice leads the masculine members of the profession to show a preference for feminine file clerks and stenographers over feminine barristers. I think, however, that it is a mistake to suppose that this prejudice is due to a fear of professional competition; and in any event the prejudice cannot be considered as a very serious obstacle to professional success—not so serious, for example, as would be a like prejudice on the part of clients. That the law needs improvement is universally admitted, and every bar association in the country has a committee on legislation. Certainly it is true that a considerable part of the legislation of each year originates in those bodies. As to the charge that lawyers are chiefly engaged in contriving evasions of the law, I am not able to imagine a more complete misconception. It is of course true that there are some lawyers who do this, but Elinor Byrns is writing of lawyers as a class.

But it is not my purpose to answer Elinor Byrns. Rather it is to suggest to the Editors that publications of this kind do not help the influence of THE NEW REPUBLIC. Why should such stuff as this—and that of Miss Lowell—be printed at all? May an editor justify it on the ground that all sorts of readers must be pleased? Indeed, is it his business to please anybody? Is it not rather to inform? If it is, it was a mistake to publish such uninteresting misinformation as is contained in Elinor Byrns' article.

LAFON ALLEN.

Louisville, Kentucky.

Temptation for Lawyers

SIR: A recent article in THE NEW REPUBLIC entitled "The Woman Lawyer" struck a note to which all clear-seeing lawyers of both sexes will respond. So long as success continues to be worshipped above all else in this country, just so long and a bit longer will the legal profession follow the same star. Of course broader education will give a young lawyer a background and foundation which will at least let him see when his clients' wishes should not be gratified, and a measure of economic independence will enable him the more readily to resist temptation. The change in public opinion during the last decade cannot have failed more clearly to emphasize the rights of the public and to influence the legal profession as it has every other. But while lawyers remain privately employed advisers, dependent upon their efficiency in achieving results for their clients rather than upon their ability to clarify the law or achieve justice, existing conditions will continue. Whether they will ever change, even under a régime of attorneys state-paid and bound to serve all who apply, is an interesting speculation.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL.

New York City.

The Intolerance of Free-thinking

SIR: I have read with interest Professor Santayana's review of John Jay Chapman's "Notes on Religion." This ex-Catholic philosopher suggests that we shall be burdened with persecution if the Catholic Church becomes the dominant force in this country. So! But what particularly worries me is this: Has free thought proved "tolerant"? Is the persecution of Catholics in Portugal, Spain, Mexico, France, etc., by professed "free-thinkers" a sign of that tolerant spirit which Professor Santayana suggests lies in what is, I believe, called "modern thought"? Is the activity, founded on anti-Catholic bigotry, of the Freemasons in Europe against the Catholic Church a sign of the tolerance produced by modern unbelief? Will Professor Santayana write another little article and explain the close connection between genuine persecution and modern philosophy?

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

New York City.

The Distinction of Hilaire Belloc

SIR: It is always a silly and foolish thing to bring defamation of character into a dispute of ideas, and I have no way of knowing whether THE NEW REPUBLIC admits the principle of retaliation. But the great and humorous possibilities of the latest addition to the "Neglible Germany" correspondence ought not to be missed. For it is really funny and nothing else to see a man like Mr. Belloc, who never writes an article without signing it, and who is considered honorably unbalanced even by the many who think him insane, sneered at by a gentleman whose "thoughtful" and "influential" views are supported, in the place of signature, by nothing more definite than the ultra-anonymous title, "An American."

I have not "lived in England for the past eighteen years," but in my comparatively short visit there the position of Mr. Belloc seemed very obvious. And since so many attack it may I be allowed to say a few words towards its definition?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is the fashion nowadays to detest in a passionate and underhand way anyone who has strong opinions, a definite creed, and who dares to take pleasure in the expression of it. It is bad form to say clearly what you mean, unless it be innocuous or quite impersonal. Thus you must say "seems to be" instead of "is." And it is this attitude of mind, this morbid dislike of strength that lies at the bottom of much of the disapproval of such people as Shaw, the two Chestertons, Belloc in England, and of Roosevelt here. "An American" says: "No one who knew England would think of taking Mr. Belloc as 'an authority' or a 'thinking influential' Englishman." Now I do not accuse "An American" of being blatantly rude. I think it is quite probable that in the capitalist and stodgy circle in which "An American" must have moved Mr. Belloc is quite reasonably hated. But to say that he does not think and that he has no influence is bosh. It is indeed the fate of such men to have bitter enemies and passionate friends. But by no possibility can it be their fate to have no influence. He is by far the strongest and sanest representative of the distributivist school in England. He is also granted to be an historian of some weight. Note that I do not defend what Mr. Belloc says. But I insist that he says things of importance, that are followed with interest by a group of increasing size. And as such he deserves serious consideration.

E. G. PAULDING.

Brookline, Massachusetts.

Japanese Surnames

SIR: My childhood and a subsequent residence in Japan make me much interested in "Japanese Literature of To-day" in your issue of January 8th. It strikes me that if the review is meant to educate the public and not merely to give further information to those already initiated, it would have been well to add the explanation that in the case of authors cited, the first of the two names given is a pen-name, and that the latter one is the real surname. Else to say, "Mr. Katai" or "Mr. Kioka" is like calling R. L. S. "Mr. Robert." There is one name of the racy review in question, however, at which my tongue balks. It is the one signed to the article. My Japanese friend backs me up that it not a Japanese name. Perhaps it was not intended to be. Or is it a case of very bad romanization? The first vowel of the name might be meant for an "i," but the surname does not conform to the general rule that each syllable ends in a vowel or *n*.

STELLA FISHER BURGESS.

Trenton, New Jersey.

The World's Best Asset

SIR: I wonder if in printing that most charmingly written article called "The World's Worst Failure" the Editors meant all along to be provocative? If that is true, they have in my case succeeded, for I am writing from a sick room, with a full year and a half of illness to my credit, my work stopped, my financial status precluding even thoughts of petunia satin frocks, even though I were in good health and "blackbrowed." But I've had much time to think and to wonder at the clever, capable fortunate women who write such articles. I love as well as most a bit of ironic pleasantry, a fling at the sex that still as a body politic refuses to learn to think; but why must the fool-woman be so persistently presented to us as typical? If I ever get well and find the money I shall hire a hall and talk just to women on the mischief of which they are continuously guilty in decrying in the market-place what they call the foibles of the sex. Of course all women want to please. Why shouldn't they? They've been trained to it from birth, from the "poor little rich girl" up or down, as you will, to the institutional "brat." But the desire to please is not a purely feminine trait, for all that. In fact it began the other way round. While society persists in dividing women into drudges, butterflies or intellectuals, classifying them almost to the point of sticking the pin through the specimen, the actual woman found in all three classes who is minding her many jobs and making womanhood worth while, is awakening—sometimes revolutionarily—to a sense of her potentialities. And I venture to say that this past grim year has done more to open "eyes that did not see" than the past century of comparative inertia!

Let me quote just one paragraph from a book written years ago by Olive Schreiner:

> "Men have made boomerangs, bows, swords or guns with which to destroy one another. *We* have in all ages produced at an enormous cost the primal munition of war without which no other would exist. There is no battlefield on earth, nor ever has been, howsoever covered with slain, which it has not cost the women of the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply than it has cost the men who lie there. *We* pay the first cost on all human life."

Are we assets or failures?

I. M. N. S.

The Negro's Struggle

SIR: In his article on "Isolating the Negro," Mr. Wehle remarks that, while there is no legal discrimination in Massachusetts against the Negro, there exists as a matter of fact actual discrimination. Unfortunately this is true. But to my mind the saddest factor of the situation is that the discrimination applies to all Negroes. Inasmuch as we rightfully discriminate against illiterate and ill-bred whites, I see no reason why we should not also discriminate against the same type of Negro. But when a Negro endeavors to develop his character and to broaden his culture, and he receives from us frowns and discouraging hindrances, when his reward is not even equality of opportunity with the whites, then his case is pitiable indeed.

It has been with much interest and speculation that I have watched the vicissitudes of a fine Negro's struggle. I suppose this chap possesses all the best instincts of the Caucasian. He seems to be the kind of man who is never satisfied with present attainments and to whom success becomes but a step to a more distant goal. He entered Harvard Medical School with the understanding that a hospital appointment was to be had after graduation. This appointment never materialized.

Given such a Negro, educated, well-bred, intelligent, likeable, and possessed of the best characteristics of the best whites, there can be only one reason for ostracism. That is prejudice. And for anyone to suppose that the prejudice of Boston, Massachusetts, is a superior kind of prejudice to that of Boston, Indiana, or of Boston, California, is to be so smugly mistaken as to be almost beyond enlightenment's cure.

WALTER C. HUNTER.

Marblehead, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

AS most people see it, a desert island is a place of extreme intellectual respectability. Thanks to Dr. Eliot and Sir John Lubbock, we know what that means. It means, among other things, spending a definite portion of each day pondering Plutarch's Lives. And hundreds of thousands believe in this program, for a desert island. Deprived of access to current fiction and periodicals, they believe they would there take the literary veil. In the world he lives in, an unregenerate man seldom puts the classic program in practice. He thinks highly of Spinoza, Aristotle, Gibbon, the Volsunga Saga. But he no more adheres to them than he adheres to the admirable habit of walking eight miles rain or shine. If he were cast upon an ultimate isle, he fancies, all would be different. Should a visiting ship's crew come roving into his secreted lagoon, he would be discovered under a plane tree conning the best translation of the Inferno. Such is his faith in the idyllic character of natural man. It is a pleasant but I fear a fantastic persuasion.

It has never been my own fate to be cast upon a desert island. I was, however, once cruelly marooned for twelve hours in a small hotel bedroom. There, by the courtesy of the Gideons, I found awaiting me a copy of the greatest book in the world. What were my emotions? Did I gratefully leap at it, plunge into it as a porpoise plunges his beak into his native seas or a teamster into his native Anheuser? On the contrary, I perused with great care the hostelry's declaration of independence on the back of the door. I read a bit of newspaper that lined the bureau drawer. I knew that the book of Job beckoned me, the story of Ruth, the Song of Solomon. But a strange rigidity of spirit arrested me as I sought to open the Bible. I sank as a valley below the height of formidable culture. I was as water invited to come upstairs. At the other side of the height was the sun. I did not venture to deny it. But the shadows of Dr. Eliot and Sir John Lubbock painted the approach to elevation an incredibly inky black. I spent the rest of my isolation joy-riding through a time-table.

Out of sheer subserviency a Bible would go with me to a desert island. I'd take a Shakespeare. If possible, I'd also take a shovel and a lump of chalk, the two other requisites of a noble style. But for recreation's sake, for lazy gratification, I should not depend upon the classics. I would smuggle along with me some such diverting masterpiece as Whitaker's Almanack. Although English and conservative, Whitaker's is incomparable, the dean of almanacks. It is to the World Almanac of New York what opera in a foreign tongue is to opera in English, what the Republican party is to the Democratic, what the Martini is to the Clover Club. It is the porterhouse, the Corona, the J. P. Morgan of almanacks. This is its comparative excellence. It does not show why Whitaker's is a literary palladium. Perhaps it isn't. These things are matters of idiosyncrasy. But after years of browsing in its rich fields, after nights of long delectation among its placid, sagacious, indomitable facts, it would be infidelity not to speak for it even in the company of the classics.

It is not for any "cultural" reason that I should wish to have Whitaker's Almanack on the island. It is not for any utilitarian reason. It is largely, I think, for the immense sense it gives of life, especially Anglo-Saxon life. Whitaker, after all, is no mere collector of reliable and disconnected facts. He is an indefatigable, scrupulous, positive, meticulous inventory-taker of the universe, "with special reference to the British Empire." He is the kind of man who, in a club, makes you believe that there's no place like home. He is the kind of man who desolates a Pullman car. But strictly under one's own control, obedient to one's whim, assiduous at one's slightest command, he is extremely interesting, even gratiating. And there is a certain humor in him. The unavailing pretensions and unravelled complexities of races and classes amuse him. "India has 147 vernacular languages," he permits himself to marvel, "of extraordinary variety." Why extraordinary, when you think of its size? But in a world where an inch of rain is "an inch of rain on the surface of an imperial acre," these foreign things are extraordinary. At the Cape of Good Hope, for example, Whitaker particularizes 13,704 Baptists, but he adds: "Of no religion, 1,077,998, of whom 1,047,233 were natives." These imperial shrugs are part of Whitaker's repertoire.

He begins, as he should, with a conspectus of the solar system. Fixed stars, star clusters, colored stars, clock stars, are duly noted. But my pleasure is not derived from this. It is such a thing as his table of "distance from London to the Capitals of Europe" that seems ambrosial to me. It is 1843 miles from Paris to Moscow. It is 2030 miles from Constantinople to London "with the mails." What of it? Yet such facts engage me. So equally does the fact that Marquess Camden is John Charles Pratt under his title, and that I address him "My Lord Marquess!" So, equally, that the revenue of the Nizam of Hyderabad is £3,000,000 a year and that he is entitled to a salute of 21 guns. Should you need to know the correct salute for the Jam of Nawanagar, Whitaker can tell you. It is a mean 11 guns. But the Jam's revenue is only £151,000: the more revenue, the more guns. These lists of potentates serve no purpose of mine. They develop no principle. But to read them, to hop from Nawab to Raj Rana, from Rampur to Jind, is to be filled with a sense of magnificence. The world is multiform. From the revenues in opium to the 845,871,300 oysters produced in France, I proceed with a mind carefree, unconstrained, charmed. I did not know the French ate so many oysters. I did not remember that India depended so greatly on opium. I regard Whitaker as the most startlingly omniscient of men.

For the incipient *vers librist,* Whitaker's is a mine of raw material. Take South Africa, with its sordid materialistic imports, its exports so often primitive and romantic.

Fish, fodder, fruit,
Sugar and tobacco,
Wine.
Bark wattle, buchu leaves,
Ostrich feathers, mohair,
Hides and skins and
Wool.
Asbestos, whale oil,
Coal, copper, tin ore,
Diamonds,
Dynamite, and
Gold.

These are the most trivial offerings of Whitaker. He has 1065 pages. But they may indicate why I decline to be parted with him. He fills me with a sense of importance and virtue. Like business itself, he is sedative. He twists a tourniquet about the questing, disturbing soul.

F. H.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rupert Brooke Legend

Letters from America, by Rupert Brooke. With an Introduction by Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

ONE may guess what the theme of Rupert Brooke means to Mr. Henry James. His favored word "felicity" perhaps sums it up. Here was a youth whom Mr. James early divined. He saw him first at Cambridge in the splendid setting of the river at the "backs." At "such a pitch of simple scenic perfection" almost no personality could have sustained the exorbitant demands of Mr. James's imagination. Mr. James has spent much of his career gently commiserating with the world on its heavy failure to fulfil his delicate expectancies for it. But with the figure and the gesture of Rupert Brooke he was immensely, mutely charmed. Like a child that holds his breath lest he disturb a top that is spinning perfectly, Mr. James hovered above the young poet in the parentage of solicitude. When the top moved off the carpet of England on to the hard boards of foreign travel, Mr. James was in exquisite trepidation. But the spin was vigorous. Through all the gyrations Mr. James at last felt an unexampled rightness. He was not merely contemplating a phenomenon that aroused his literary imagination. He was enthralled by a performance that sustained and fulfilled his notions of highest amenity. It was the personal, the social, culmination of Rupert Brooke that most enamored Mr. James.

And then to Rupert Brooke's nation and tradition there came an alien challenge. It was a challenge that penetrated to the heart of everything in civilized ways that had slowly and richly colored and consecrated for Mr. James. Without a flicker of outside consideration, without a tremor of readjustment, Rupert Brooke took up that challenge as his own, willingly risking and losing his life. It was not a sacrifice. It was, in the light of all unspoken preciousness, a consummation. At their face, which proved their real value, it took all the easy affirmations of his poetry. He had been the frank heir of a given England. He had enjoyed his heirloom. At the challenge he went winging out of it, an arrow from its bow. This was more than the allured spectator could have reckoned on. There would have been leniency for almost any behavior. But the hard twang of Rupert Brooke's departure and finish left nothing for Mr. James to surmise. Just because he is exacting he is capable of rejoicing to the full in a perfection. So he celebrates the symbol of the end. "It is perhaps even a touch beyond any dreamt-of harmony that, under omission of no martial honour, he was to be carried by comrades and devoted waiting sharers, whose evidence survives them, to the steep summit of a Greek island of infinite grace and there placed in such earth and amid such beauty of light and shade and embracing prospect as that the fondest reading of his young lifetime could have suggested nothing better. It struck us at home, I mean, as symbolising with the last refinement his whole instinct of selection and response, his relation to the overcharged appeal of his scene and hour. How could he have shown more the young English poetic possibility and faculty in which we were to seek the freshest reflection of the intelligence and the soul of the new generation? The generosity, I may fairly say the joy, of his contribution to the general perfect way makes a monument of his high rest there at the heart of all that was once noblest in history."

To share completely this "joy" the reader should, I feel, be at one with Mr. James in the totality of his sense of English rightness and the totality of his personal sense of Rupert Brooke. For this generous effect, however, these letters from America are thin support. They were casual journalism, of course, never meant to indemnify so lofty a memorial as precedes them. They were addressed, as Mr. James says with characteristic deprecation, to "a friendly London evening journal." But they are part of a personality about to become a legend. In so far as one's own imagination happens not to nourish a conviction of English "exquisitive civility," they are required to justify that conviction, or at any rate to corroborate Mr. James's out of their unaided substance. In the measure that they fail, the outsider is likely to modify "this ideal image of English youth."

The letters punctuate a journey taken in 1913. It ran from New York to Boston and Harvard, then to Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec and the Saguenay, Ontario, Niagara Falls. By Winnipeg it went to the Rockies, including an excursion to the woods, an impression of the prairies and their Indian descendants. It went as far afield as Samoa before recording the last utterance, the young Englishman returned to his own country and reverberating to the news of war.

"Touching at first, inevitably quite juvenile, in the measure of his good faith"—so Mr. James defines Rupert Brooke. But conventional is the first word I should apply to the poet's reactions on, and from, the United States. It is true he was writing for the *Westminster Gazette*. When he announced he was going to trail his "many-coloured mantle" across the United States his friends had exclaimed "My God!" "'El Cuspidorado,' remarked an Oxford man, brilliantly." "One wiser than all the rest wrote: 'Think gently of the Americans. They are so very young; and so very anxious to appear grown-up; and so very lovable.'" But even with such admonitions to remember and respect, there was a chance he might have done more than despatch to England what he had so clearly brought with him out of the vast fusty annals of prejudice. Other Englishmen less recommended for amenity, less identified with the "frequent extraordinary beauty of the English aspect"—H. G. Wells, to wit, and Arnold Bennett and even G. Lowes Dickinson—had seen in this Philistia something that probed for sympathy and understanding. But what Rupert Brooke's so exalted tradition conferred was not an ampler sympathy and a swifter understanding. It was, if anything, a pleasant though stuffy immunity. He did not disdain. He brightly, humorously mirrored. But he did not sufficiently penetrate. The love of truth in him was not so keen as to compel him to make profitable conjecture. He was tolerant, very, but not really receptive. He could observe. "The upper-class head is long, often fine about the forehead and eyes, and very cleanly outlined. The eyes have an odd, tired pathos in them—mixed with the friendliness that is so admirable—as if of a perpetual never quite successful effort to understand something. It is like the face of an only child who has been brought up in the company of adults." But the jocularity of Harvard Commencement was aboriginal to him. He might have been a later Marius beholding antics at once impossible and picturesque.

He saw Niagara Falls with poet's eyes. Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec, Winnipeg, he inspected affably and reported with friendliness and wit. But the small, shifty, cruel, mean and untrustworthy expression of the French Canadian priest, the flabby face, shifty eyes, inhuman mouth of the real estate youth in western Canada,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fabulous vulgarity of the fat Jew in Quebec, were the realities that got deepest between his ribs. Had he not seen the Saguenay and the Rockies, had he not kept on to Samoa, he would have but commemorated nostalgia. The South Sea Islands captivated him. "Never, clearly, had he been on such good terms with the hour, never found the life of the senses so anticipate the life of the imagination, or the life of the imagination so content itself with the life of the senses; it is all an abundance of amphibious felicity." For all the interestingness of his earlier chapters, it is this chapter, and the concluding moment of reverie on the declaration of war, that help him abide.

To make a memorial to Brooke's personality it is perhaps well that Mr. James should have testified. Brooke achieved in person that miracle of felicity for which the social scrutinizer looks so widely and so vainly. He had not merely the grace of spirit. He had also that gift so unusual outside unwarrantable romance, the accompanying grace of form. For Mr. James, who had so often detected genius without amenity or amenity without genius, this happy child of the English intention was something he could peculiarly realize. Whether his ecstacy is not too private, however, is a question his intricate introduction arouses. There are passages in which he seems rather to contract his whole gratification to a class and a clime. This sort of thing is petty. Fine personality is not so esoteric that it requires such a nice scenic and institutional equipment. Had Mr. James been a fifth apostle I have no doubt he would have been completely susceptible. A thousand delicate implications of beauty and nobility and supremacy would have been unfailingly traced. It may be affirmed, however, that the uninformed apostles took no pains to ensure their Personality against the ineptitude of the crude and vulgar man. They simply spread Him on a record and their brief story has survived for many peoples and many ages. It is that sort of success for a chronicle of the divine which makes one wonder whether it is the infinitesimal adjustment that most signifies, or the inescapable bravery and validity of the event.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Nibbling at Realism

The Trail of the Hawk, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.35 net.

TOO frequently in American fiction a genuine purpose to be realistic results in mere surface accuracy, in a firm grasp on unessentials. "The Trail of the Hawk," for example, is an exhilarating book to read, there is such an abundance of high zest in it and it is so plainly motivated by the honest purpose of realists. It is moulded by the upward curve of a fresh, brisk eagerness to be fair with life. At times, indeed, the book prickles with too conscious jeerings at romantic platitudes; there is a trifle too persistent emphasis on the fact that things aren't as they are in fairy tales, although one easily forgives this youthful contempt for Maxfield Parrish sketches of life. Yet there is a flaw in our satisfaction. Anxious to avoid morbidness, Mr. Lewis' characters seem external and a bit unreal. His book has a hard, surface-like sheen. It possesses that deceptive objectivity of our technically perfect but brittle short stories. The staccato of events and episodes blots out, like a motor on a beach, the more enduring murmur of spiritual tides. Life's activity is drowned in action.

Nevertheless it is a tremendously interesting book, for it is clever, adhering to the rather naïve modern rule that to be humanistic one has to be up-to-date-contemporary. The last chapter ended the day before yesterday in an apartment house in the West Side Nineties. Born in a little town in Minnesota of a father who couldn't lose the Norwegian tang in his talk, the hero passes a rebellious year in a small Midwestern sectarian college before he starts his career of roaming which takes him to "the Coast," the South, New York (the Bowery), Panama and finally to the other New York of down-town business offices, fashionable and semi-fashionable Bohemia, drab duplex homes and decayed social gentility that we all know. Carl Ericson is a pioneer in the aviation game, and his is an exciting and vivid career, ending (when the game is up and the hero turns to business) in marriage and a respectable income. To be sure, there is a quaver of revolt in the last few pages when the husband and wife accept the chances of a business venture in Buenos Ayres and talk with rhapsodic contempt of "always handing on the torch of life but never getting any light from it," but this is just the author's graceful radical flair to cap off a history of youth that might normally and naturally occur in this country between 1885 and the present day. In the author's selection of petty realisms shrewd judgment is revealed, as when he writes of the push-cart proprietors of the East Side that they "had beards so prophetic that it was startling to see a frivolous cigarette amid the reverend mane." His handling of sex is admirable, true to the manner of the generation now growing up: the hero is decent but not priggish, frank yet without feeling any necessity for stressing materialistic details. Ericson is not painted as minus sensuality, neither is his life a series of sexual bewilderments and his marriage a sort of tired compromise. His chief interest, as of most of us, is in "getting on."

These things are excellent. They constitute a method of straightforward, clear-eyed realism, the result of the impact of many literary traditions on a keen and alert mind. Our criticism doesn't fall upon the author's wisdom in choosing this method; rather upon his genius in following it. Intrinsically "The Trail of the Hawk" is trivial—the interesting experiment of a young man who is a little too clever. Yet it is an encouraging book, because we somehow feel a realistic failure to be more honorable than a romantic success. It at least errs in the right direction. It is a failure we are glad of. And there are individual passages, a certain deft competence in the wielding of the plot as a whole, which justify hope. Mr. Lewis may some day write a book which is interesting not as an indication, but enthralling of itself.

Harsh words to call it a failure? Then analyze this passage with care: "Before their feet was the cream-colored beach, marked by ridges of driftwood mixed with small glistening shells, long ranks of pale-yellow seaweed, and the delicate wrinkles in the sand that were the tracks of receding waves. The breakers left the beach wet and shining for a moment, like plates of raw-colored copper, making one cry out with its flashing beauty. Then, at last, the eyes lifted to unbroken blue water—nothing between them and Europe save rolling waves and wave-crests like white plumes. The sea was of a diaphanous blue that shaded through a bold steel blue and a lucent blue enamel to a rich ultramarine which absorbed and healed the office-worn mind." For me there is no magic evocation here, no rich and spontaneous glamour. Mr. Lewis is too meticulous in his metaphors; we are too aware of his painful eagerness to be carefully inclusive and honestly pictorial. What the reader senses is not so much a landscape as an effect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor can we look for redemption in the characters. Ericson, in college, dumbly accepted the conventional dry rattling of classical bones as education. He revolted only when his professor friend was forced to resign because of a very mild lecture on Shaw. In other words, it was a personal revolt. Afterward, each discovery of the aliveness of art or philosophy or economic theory came to the hero as a rude shock. In life this sort of intellectual obtuseness is encountered often enough to be easily forgivable; it just so happens that in Carl's case we can't believe it. When he comes to New York the second time there is an abrupt transition from gaucherie to a cleverness that smacks of the author's own. What in Rolland's phrase is called "la vie intérieure" is not only not portrayed, it is barely suggested that the hero possesses such a foreign eccentricity. That brooding aura which enwraps the most inauspicious of real beings has been vacuum-cleaned away. He is imposed upon our credulity in stark definiteness. More neighborly are a few of the minor characters, portrayed with a kind of supercilious humor, furnishing, as it were, a sour contrast with such a lovable, grotesque mythology as that of Dickens.

"The Trail of the Hawk" is a healthy sign that the tendency in America is away from romantic ineptitude. It is a crude precursor of what has always been in other literatures a great tradition and will yet be in ours—the willing courage to find beauty by embracing life as it is and not by shrinking from it.

HAROLD STEARNS.

TIFFANY & CO.

IMPORTATIONS
ENAMELED BOXES, VASES, TRAYS
CLOCKS AND DESK SETS

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

The Education of Black Folk

The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861, by Carter Godwin Woodson, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00 net.

ONE of the unsung advantages of democracy is that of being consistently and unblushingly illogical. No despot, for instance, with any regard for his reputation could possibly have treated the education of the American Negro in such perfectly contradictory ways as has been done in this republic.

Avoiding controversy by confining himself to the period preceding the Civil War, Dr. Woodson has set down calmly and methodically the facts concerning our attitude toward Negro education for some two hundred and forty years. It is one of those tales which introduce us to a world tragedy.

Imagine, for instance, the forefathers facing this problem of human training: Here are Negroes. They are slaves. They ought to be slaves. Consequently they must be trained as slaves. Then enters the devil of illogic: they have immortal souls, consequently they must be trained as Christians. No sooner, however, is an attempt made to train them as Christians than, lo! they get some dangerous intelligence. Anxious search ensues for methods of training slaves in Christianity without making them intelligent. "Religion Without Letters," Mr. Woodson calls it.

Meantime, before the magic method is discovered, the sparks of undesired intelligence spread. Free Negroes, even slaves, begin to educate themselves. Schools start up here and there, and matters look really alarming. Some black leaders appear, in religion and even in revolt. About 1835 comes determined reaction. We have gone quite far enough, whisper the advocates of slavery, and their whispering is reinforced and strengthened by a new economic note, for the cotton kingdom is rising. The kingdoms of silk and wool are receding, the American slave is to become an economic foundation stone, a new industrial element. Down with education—up with slavery! Religion must still be taught, to be sure, for properly taught it makes better slaves; but no reading and writing, no real training of intelligence.

There ensued a long and dismal fight in which education became a thing of midnight strategy, a stolen wonder. Even the free Negroes of the North suffered from the reactionary blows. They were swept out of the public schools even in the few places where once they had entered. They established their own weak little institutions with difficulty and amid threats. Still the work went on doggedly and persistently, and bolder whites helped. Who does not remember Beriah Green in New York, and Prudence Crandall and her Connecticut troubles?

Slowly separate institutions and separate colored school systems arose. Gradually down toward wartime some little education here and there was provided at public expense. Indeed, the whole tale shows that by being frankly illogical a democracy may do exactly the thing which it has started out not to do and never know the difference.

Practically everything that happened before the war has been reproduced in larger scale since the war. We trust Dr. Woodson will not forget to tell us this later story, even though it raises much discussion and bitter controversy. Here we have again Negroes. They are serfs. They ought to be kept "in their place." They must therefore be trained as serfs. The illogical devil appears: Negroes also have brains. Modern work needs brains. But if we educate Negroes to work they may get sense enough to want to vote and even to know how to vote. Therefore "indus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trial" training without the training of intelligence—but this is a tale for another book. Meanwhile the author has written a book worth while. It is provided with ample references, an appendix of original documents, and a very complete bibliography.

W. E. B. Du Bois.

The Evil Men Do

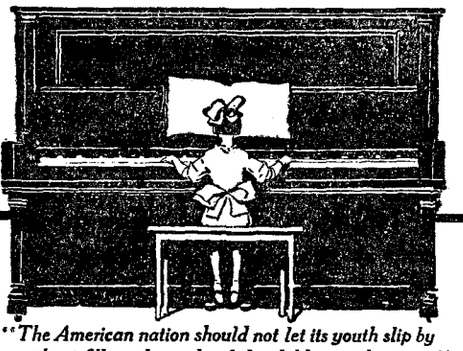
The Cry For Justice; an Anthology of Social Protest compiled by Upton Sinclair. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

OPEN the alphabetical index of this anthology and turn at random to the H's. Here are the first four names: Habakkuk, Hermann Hagedorn, Haggi, Bolton Hall. In the curious propinquity of those four names you have a measure of the catholicity of the book, where Hesiod rests next William Dean Howells, Savonarola against Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, and Im Bang, whoever he is, just ahead of Robert Ingersoll. It is a provoking variety. The immense list gives one a sense of physical weariness: "What a job!" But just this list is yet more deeply suggestive. Should a Martian or an inhabitant of the moon, ignorant of the earth, read this index and the book's title he might truly exclaim, "What a world!"

It is of course impossible to put oneself in the frame of mind of a Martian reading this anthology. One can only guess at the disgust with which after the first few pages he would regard the earth. If he persisted in his reading, however, and reached the section entitled Socialism, amazement might temporarily replace disgust. For nothing short of utter imbecility could account for a people continuing to be so wronged with such a solution at hand. "What an anticlimax!" he might add to his previous exclamations, and return to Mars with a free conscience. By just so far would the book have failed in its effect. But the Martian would indeed be justified in his disgust; he might even be justified in doubting the existence of life upon this planet. A society which through plain indifference allows a large part of its members to be spiritually degraded and physically stunted by poverty is an unthinkable society. The fact that ours to-day is that society does not lessen by one whit its delirious impossibility.

It is perhaps inevitable in any program of general reconstruction that it shall appear thin and fatuous against the evils which it is designed to cure. The greater its promises the greater seems its arrogance. Yet it is by believing the impossible that men occasionally accomplish the possible. We cannot nerve ourselves to effort without first debauching our sense of reality with dreams of incredible rewards. They are true realists who know the shining wisdom of the reformers for what it is, a not quite empty dream. There are occasions when truth is the great obstructionist. When the minds of men outrun their passion, when they can think better than they can will, they would be wiser not to think so clearly. It is better to be led somewhere by a dream than nowhere by reality.

Until our will balances our judgment and goes with it as a comrade, until the courage of reality is a common virtue, such books as this will be necessary. The immense labor that must have been required to compile it is fine labor. In a world where preventable ignorance and preventable hunger and preventable sickness and preventable death are familiar facts, those people are most deserving of respect who passionately believe that ignorance and hunger and sickness and death can be prevented.



"The American nation should not let its youth slip by without filling the souls of the children with music."
Josef Stransky
Conductor New York Philharmonic Society

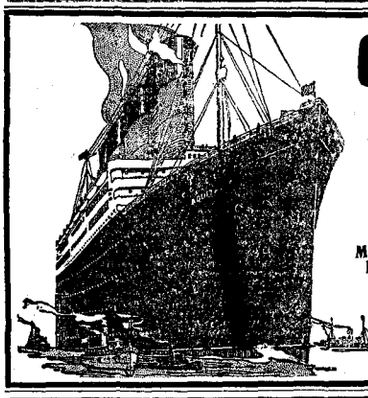
START the small travelers on life's journey with the most helpful equipment. A knowledge of the best in music means an uplift all the way.

Begin with the incomparable Steinway. The little ones will form music habits of the highest type which the commonplace can never thereafter satisfy.

The Steinway's superiority costs but little more than the mediocrity of some of the "just as good" makes. Moderate prices and convenient terms are among the Steinway's advantages. Illustrated literature on request.

STEINWAY

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
107-109 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK
Subway Express Station at the Door



CUNARD
Established 1840
AQUITANIA
MAURETANIA
ORDUNA — CARMANIA — FRANCONIA
CARONIA — LACONIA
NEW YORK — LIVERPOOL
BOSTON — LIVERPOOL
MONTREAL — QUEBEC — LONDON
NEW YORK — MEDITERRANEAN
ROUND THE WORLD TOURS
Through bookings to all principal ports of the World
Cunard S. S. Co., Ltd.
24 State St., N. Y.
Agencies Everywhere

WINTER TRAVEL

CAN be more conveniently arranged and more comfortably undertaken through our universal Travel Service. Tours and Tickets Everywhere, with or without Hotels, etc., as desired. Plans of travel and estimates submitted, Steamer, Pullman and Hotel accommodation reserved in advance.

Tours de Luxe now being arranged for **California, Florida, South America, South Seas and Antipodes** (the New Tour), **Japan and China.**

SPECIAL CRUISES TO THE TROPICS
by United Fruit Company's "Great White Fleet"
Send for Program Desired

THOS. COOK & SON
245 Broadway, New York
Boston Philadelphia Chicago Los Angeles
San Francisco Montreal Toronto

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS
P&O
The Best Regular Services to EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIPPINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND. Round World Trips and Winter Tours in INDIA. PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N. CO.
Full information from
CUNARD LINE, 24 State St., N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED